

MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK



THE STIR-OFF, A Story

James Still

WHITHER YOUTH

Glyn A. Morris

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MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK

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THE STIR-OFF, *A Story*

JAMES STILL

"Come Friday for the sorghum making," Jimp Buckheart sent word to me by Father. "Come to the stir-off party, and take a night."

Father chuckled as he told, knowing I had never stayed away from home. Father said, "Hit's time you larnt other folks' ways. Now, Old Gid Buckheart's family lives fat as horse traders. He's got five boys, tough as whang leather, though nary a one's a match to Gid himself; and he's the pappy o' four girls who're picture-pieces." He teased as he whittled a molassy spoon for me. "Mind you're not captured by one o' Gid's daughters. They're all pretty, short or tall, every rung o' the ladder." He teased enough to rag his tongue. I grunted scornfully, but I was tickled to go. I'd heard Jimp had a flying-jinny, and kept a ferret.

Jimp met me before noon at their land boundary. Since last I'd seen him he had grown; and he jerked his knees walking and cocked his head birdwise, imping his father. He was Old Gid Buckheart over again. He didn't stand stranger. "Kin you keep secrets?" he asked. "Hold things and not let out?" I nodded. Jimp said, "My pap's going to die death hearing Plumey's marrying Rant Branders tonight at the stir-off. Pap'll never give up to her picking such a weaky looking feller." His face brightened with pride. "I'm the only one knows. Rant aims to hammer me a pair o' brass knuckles if I play hush-mouth, a pair my size. He swore to it."

"Hit's not honest to fight with knucks unless a feller's bigger'n you," I said.

"I'm laying for my brother Bailus," Jimp explained. "He older'n me, and allus tricking, and trying to borrow or steal my ferret. I'd give my beastie to git him ducked in the sorghum hole."

"I long to see your ferret," I said. "I'm bound to ride the fly-jinny."

"Bailus wants to sick my ferret into rabbit nests," Jimp complained. "Hit's a ferret's nature

to skin alive. Ere I'd let Bailus borrow, I'd crack its neck. Ruther to see it dead.

We walked a spell. Roosters crowed midday. We topped a knob and afar in a hollow stood the Buckhearts' great log house, and beyond under gilly trees was the sorghum gin.

Jimp pointed. "Peep Eye's minding hornets off the juice barrel, and I reckon everybody else's eating. We've made two runs o' sirup already, dipped enough green skims to nigh fill the sorghum hole, and cane's milled for the last."

Hounds raced to meet us. We halted a moment by the beegums. On bowed heads of sunflowers redbirds were cracking seeds. Jimp gazed curiously at me, cocking his chin. "You and me's never fit," he said. "Fellers don't make good buddies till they prove which can out-do."

We waded the hounds to the kitchen, spying through the door. Jimp's father and brothers were eating and his mother and three of his sisters passed serving dishes; and in the company chair sat Squire Letcher, making balls of his bread, and cutting eyes at the girls. Jimp told me their names. The squire I knew already; I knew he was the Law, and a widow-man. "Hardhead at the end o' the bench is Bailus," Jimp said. "Plumey's standing behind Pap—the one's got a beauty spot." Plumey was fairest of the three girls, fair as a queeny blossom. Her cheek bore a mole speck, like a spider with tucked legs; and a born mole it was, not one stuck on for pretty's sake. Jimp told me all of the names, then said, "I wonder what that law-square's a-doing here?"

We clumped inside. Old Gid spoke a loud howdy-do, asking after my folks, and Mrs. Buckheart tipped the cowlick on my head. A chair was drawn for me, and victuals brought to heap my plate. Bailus leaned to block Jimp's way to his seat on the bench, so Jimp had to crawl under the table. He stuck his head up, mad-faced, grit-

ting his teeth. "Ho, Big Ears," Bailus said. The older brothers sat with eyes cold upon Squire Letcher. The squire was a magistrate and bound to put a damper on the stir-off party.

Gid pushed back his chair and spiked his elbows, watching the foxy glances of Squire Letcher. "We're old-timey people," he told the squire, his words querulous. "We may live rough, but we lack nothing. For them with muscle and backbone, Troublesome Creek country is the land o' plenty." He swept an arm toward gourds of lard, strings of lazy wife beans, and shelves of preserves; he snapped his fingers at cushaws hanging by vine tails. "We raise our own living, and once the house and barns are full we make friends with the earth. We swear not to hit it another lick till spring."

Squire Letcher popped three bread balls into his mouth, swallowed, and was done with his meal. He crossed his knife and fork in a mannerly fashion. "Don't skip the main harvest," he sighed in his fullness. "Nine in this family, and none married yet." He smirked, looking sideways at the girls. "But you can't hide blushy daughters in the head of a hollow for long. Single men will be wearing your doorsteps down."

Gid's voice lifted peevishly. "A beanstalk of a feller has made tracks here already, a shikepoke I've never met, a stranger tee-total."

Plumey's cheeks burnt. The mole on her cheek seemed to inch a grain.

Gid went on, "Why a girl o' mine would choose a man so puny is beyond reckoning. I'd vow he's not got the strength to raise a proper living."

Mrs. Buckheart spoke up, taking Plumey's part. "An old hornbeam's muscles show through the bark, but ne'er a growing oak's. And I say you'll ne'er meet a feller with your head allus turned."

The squire flushed merrily. "Gideon, thar's few longing to shake your hand. You'd put a man to his knees or break bones. Recollect I've yet to clap your paw? Oh, you're the fistiest old man running free."

The shag of Gid's brows raised, uncovering eyes blue as mill-pond water. "One thing I do recollect," Gid said, "a thing going years past when we were young scrappers." He cocked his head. "I recall we battled like rams once. We wore the ground out, tuggety-pull. But it was a draw."

The squire caught the Buckheart boys' hard gaze. He sobered, shifting uneasily, ready to leave the table. Law papers rustled in his pockets. "Gid," he insisted, rising, "you're of an older set. We never ran together, never wrestled as I remember. I'd swear before a Grand Jury."

"I hain't so old I whistle when I talk," Gid crowed. "Hain't so old but what I'd crack skulls with anybody. Jist any sweet time I kin grab a churn dasher and make butter o' airy one o' my sons." A grin twisted his mouth as he got up. "Now, Square, we shore fit. We did." And Squire Letcher and Gid went off arguing into the midst of the house.

"Who invited that walking courthouse?" Cirius blurted.

"Old jury hawk," U Z said.

"He might have come for a good purpose," Mrs. Buckheart chided. "Eat your victuals."

Before we left the table Gid came back. "I've voted the square into going bird-hunting," he said. "Atter his dinner settles one o' you boys hustle him o'er the hills and bring him back so dogtired he'll start home afore dark."

"I'll go," Bailus volunteered, puffing his jaws, mocking the squire. "I'll wade thorns and walk cliff faces. I'll wear his soles off."

"Travel the starch out o' him," Gid said. "I've a notion he oughten to stay on."

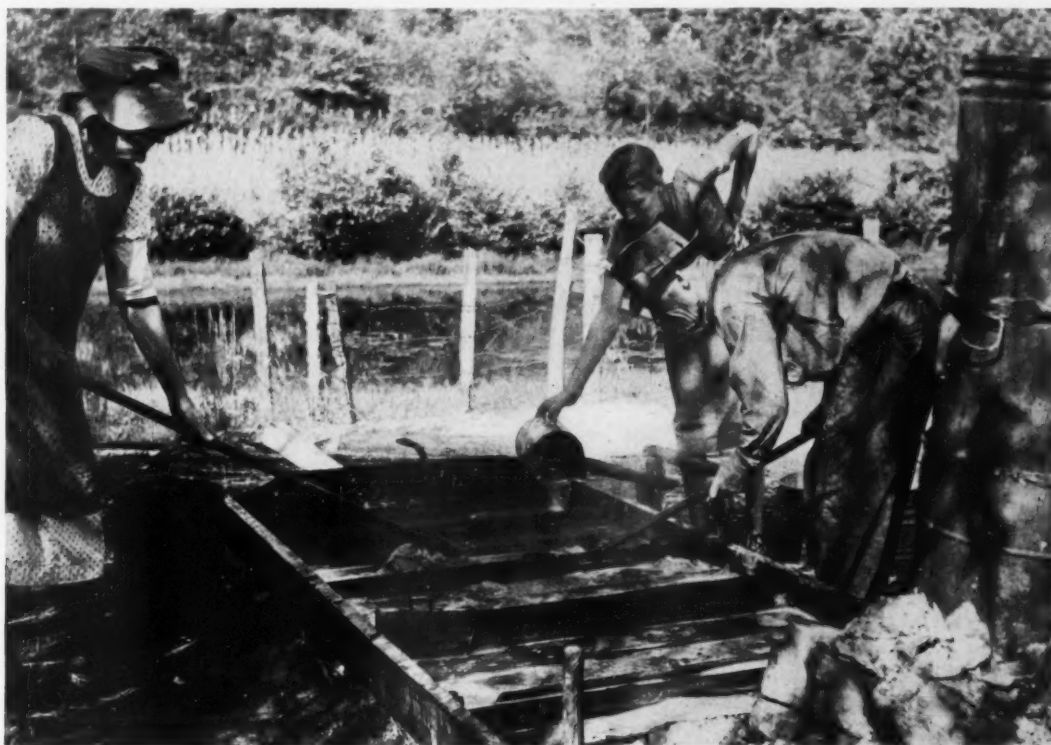
"Who asked that magistrate here anyhow?" John asked, his face sour as whey. "They're more warrants in his pockets than a buzzard's got feathers."

Leander said, "He'll plague the stir-off. Fellers will think he's come a-summonsing. And I've heard a mighty crowd's coming across the ridge tonight."

"We've only invited neighbors and a couple o' fiddlers," Gid spoke fractiously, "but a rambling widower is apt to come unbid any place. Yet I'm more concerned about a tender sprig of a feller who's shore to be here, one I'd ruther see going than coming, ruther to see the span o' his back than his face."

Plumey paled whiter than a hen-and-biddy dish. The boys grunted.

Old Gid began to lay down the law. "Girls!" he said, "You're not to throw necks tonight staring at the boys. Sons! We're going to mark the sorghum hôte. We're making puore molasses, and

*A Stir-Off**Photograph by David Donoho*

no candy jacks. Keep a watch on the kettle."

"I choose pull-candy to sirup," Jimp said.

I thought in my head, "I bet candy jacks would be good."

U Z groaned, "Pap's bounden to dry up the party."

Old Gid's face softened. He chuckled at me and Jimp gobbling pie. "You tadwhackers better save a big leetle spot for the molassy foam."

"Pappy," Jimp asked, "did you and the square sheep-fight once, a-butting heads?"

Old Gid raised his brows and grinned. He stepped to the door and called Peep Eye to dinner.

"I aim to see your ferret," I reminded Jimp. "I want to ride the fly-jinny."

We crept into the smoke-house where the ferret was kept hidden. "A feller can't take a step without Peep Eye's watching," Jimp complained, latching the door. In that darksome place I saw

giant pumpkins squatting on hard earth, and fat squashes crooking yellow necks. I saw a bin of Amburgey apples, a mort of victuals in kegs and jars; I set eyes on three barrels of molasses. I said, "Them many sirups will turn strong as bull beef ere they can be et."

Jimp whistled a sketch. A furry head lifted above a sack of capping corn. I jumped in fright, and the varmint started, jerking its head down, burrowing into the sack. The ferret wouldn't come out then for all our begging and poking cobs. I didn't get to see the whole of him.

"He's scared," I said.

"My beastie's got nerve spite o' playing timid," Jimp defended. "He'll tackle critters double his size, just like fisty people. Cagey ones don't show their nerve till they come to a pinch." And Jimp made a wry face, laughing suddenly. He popped his hands together. "I'd give my ferret to see Pap and the square lock horns."

"I'd ruther to see your father shake hands with

Rant Branders," I said, knowing by looks that Squire Letcher was snail-weak. "Rant might be tough as whang leather."

"My pap could make Rant eat straw."

"A man's backbone don't print through his clothes."

We listened a bit, our ears against the door; we stole outside, looking sharp. "Yonder's Bailus coming," Jimp whispered, and began to run. I ran after him, though it wasn't Bailus I'd seen. I had glimpsed a girl-child staring around a corner, and she was a Buckheart, for she bore their presence. She had jerked her head away quicker than any ferret.

We ran till the wind burnt out of us; we stopped to rest in a weed patch where noggin sticks grew tall and brittle. "I saw a girl yon side the smokehouse," I said when I could speak. "I bet she heard a plenty."

"Peep Eye," Jimp said. "You can't say 'gizzard' withouten her hearing."

"Reckon she's larnt about Plumey and Rant?"

"Now, no. Hit's the first time ever I did know a thing afore her." Jimp thought a moment. "Was it Peep Eye growed up and marrying off, I'd be tickled. Me, I haint ne'er going to marry."

"I'm not aiming to be a widow-man," I said, anxious to go to the flying-jinny. I gathered a dozen noggin sticks, snapping them at the root. Their woody knots were like small fists. Jimp picked a bunch too, saying, "Let's crack each other's skulls and see who hollers first."

I winced, dreading the pain, but I wouldn't be out-done. "You hit first," I said.

"No, you."

"I hain't mad. I can't hit cold."

"I'll rile you," Jimp said. He furrowed his brows and spoke a lie-tale. "Yore pappy steals money off dead men's eyeballs, and yore folks feed on carr'n crows."

I struck, breaking the weed. Jimp cracked one across my noggin. We broke five sticks apiece, and felt for goose eggs on our heads. Then we went on to the flying-jinny at the pasture gap, and there stood Bailus, waiting.

Bailus's face was grave. You could tell he had come begging. "Big Ears," he began, "you ought to lend a hand getting rid o' the magistrate, else the stir-off will be a reg'lar funeral."

Jimp poked his lips. "Jist a trick to borrow

my ferret. You got no use for him bird-hunting."

"The square wants to hole a rabbit or two."

"Hain't fair to skin varmints alive. I'm not loaning, and that's the truth."

I studied the flying-jinny, noting its pattern in my head. I felt bound to have Father make one. A long hickory pole it was, pegged in the middle to a sourwood stump. I straddled the limber end of the pole, hungry to ride.

Bailus's eyes narrowed. "I've heard a bee-swarm o' folks are coming tonight, a drove o' people we've not invited. They's something fotch-ing 'em here. Now, loan yore ferret and I'll tell what." He sniffled, but I saw it was make-like. "Creek water hain't dull as a stir-off with a magistrate keeping tab."

Jimp scoffed. He turned toward me. "I'll give you the first ride."

"Fellers!" Bailus spoke quickly, "both o' you hop on and I'll push."

Though Jimp's face grew long with doubt he straddled the jinny. We latched our legs about the hickory pole. Bailus began to push, slowly at first, digging his toes into the ground. As the pole swung clear he pushed faster, faster, around and around. We sped. We traveled swifter than a live jinny. A wind caught in my shirt, jerking the tails. I hunkered against the log; I held on for bare life. The earth whirled, trees went walking, and tiptops of the mountains swayed and rail fences climbed straight into the sky. My hands numbed, and my chest seemed near to bursting. My fingers loosened, and I was tossed into the air.

I lay on the ground, stupid with dizziness, and Jimp wove drunkenly, trying to stand. Bailus was nowhere in sight. Then I saw three bright faces, three girl-chaps melting together. My lids went blinkety-blink-blink. When my head cleared I saw it was Peep Eye, alone. She was the spit image of Plumey, though she had no mole on her cheek; she was the prettiest human being ever I did see.

"Air you been drankin john corn?" Peep Eye teased.

"I been ding-donged enough," Jimp blurted. "I'd swap them knucks I'm promised to even up with Bailus."

"He's hasted to steal your ferret." Peep Eye said. "He'll have it and gone ere you kin catch him."

Jimp kicked the ground in anger. "I wish that

critter was dead and dust. I do."

Peep Eye stood pretty as a bunty bird. Jimp and I leaned giddily against the jinny pole. Peep Eye said, "I know something you fellers don't. Plumey's marrying Rant Branders tonight."

"Be-doggies," Jimp swore. "Rant promised I was the only one to know. Secrets nor varmints nobody can keep."

"One secret I've kept," Peep Eye bragged. "I've larnt why the square's here. A scanty few knows that."

We plead with her to tell, but she wouldn't. She would only talk of the wedding. "When I grow as tall and fair as Plumey," she said, "I'm going to pick me a man who can jounce air one o' my brothers, one strong as Pappy, and able to take his part."

"By doomsday you won't be fair as Plumey," Jimp said contrarily.

Peep Eye frowned. Her mouth puckered.

"You're the born image of Plumey," I said, "except for a beauty spot. Now, I choose a mole on a woman's cheek."

"I kin make me one out o' a soot pill," Peep Eye said.

"Be-doggies," Jimp grumbled. "I hain't ever aiming to marry."

I sat on the pole and swung my legs. "I'll not be a bachelor or a widow-man," I spoke.

Peep Eye looked strangely at me. She raised her arms and pushed me backward, and fled. I stood on my head yon side the jinny.

Jimp said, "Girls allus let a feller know when they like him a mite."

Under the sirup kettle fire blazed so lively the darkness was eaten away, and pale glimmers of lanterns swallowed, and far tops of the gilly trees lit. I sat on a heap of milled sorghum stalks, my molassy spoon ready, anxious to taste the foam. Jimp crouched beside me, grinding his teeth in anger. He'd heard his ferret was dead, and he stared auger holes at Bailus and Squire Letcher. Oh, Bailus hadn't got rid of the squire. The squire rested on an empty keg, sighing wearily and clapping a hand to his mouth.

I had Jimp point Rant Branders out. Rant appeared barebones, yet in height he stood taller than the Buckhearts. He was long armed and long legged, and a grain awkward. I said, "I bet



*Green Skimmings for the Sorghum Hole
Photograph by David Donoho*

he's a cagey one. He's a grasshopper of a man." And I began counting the people who had come to the stir-off. I named my fingers five times and over. I saw Plumey whispering to a bunch of girls, and Old Gid moseying around wondering at the crowd, and Peep Eye flitting here and yon like a silk butterfly. I kept gazing at Peep Eye.

"My beastie's stone dead," Jimp glummed. "That law-square and Bailus's to blame. Had I a chip o' money I'd hire fellers to trick them into the sorghum hole. Be-dogs, I would."

"Fellers'd be scared of a magistrate," I said. "Anyhow, your ferret wasn't shot a-purpose. Hit was mistook for a rabbit."

"My pap hain't afeared o' the Law. He could scare that square in without tipping him."

I caught Peep Eye watching me, and I wanted to leave the sorghum heap. I saw her face was pouty and cold. I thought inside my head, "Hit's not like what Jimp said. I bet she hates my gizzard." But I said aloud to Jimp, "I'm bound to eat molassy foam when it's first done. Hain't but one thing better, and that's pull-candy."

Jimp harped his troubles. "Rant's broke his swear-word. He promised me knucks to fit, and then made 'um shooting big. They'd fit U-Z." He fetched them from a pocket and the finger places

were the size of quarter-dollars. "I've struck an idee I don't want that fence rail for a brother-in-law. Oh, my pap could jounce him with one arm tied."

"Rant hain't grown yit," I said. "He might grow thick. Already he's a high tall feller."

We went to stand by the sirup kettle, breathing the mellow steam hungrily, watching the golden form rise. Leander chunked the fire and U Z ladled the green skimmings into the sorghum hole. The hole was waist-deep and marked by a butterweed stalk. U Z joked us, "Dive in, boys, and you kin stand yore breeches in a corner tonight." We stepped warily.

Old Gid came with Mrs. Buckheart to test the sirup, spinning drops off chips, tasting. Gid said, "Stir till it 'gins making sheep's eyes, and mind not to over-bile." He stared unbelievably at the crowd. "Only a funeral occasion or a marrying would draw such a swarm, and I've heard o' nobody dying. Yet, for a host o' folks, they're terrible quiet."

"Bury some'un in the sorghum hole," U Z laughed, "and they'll liven up."

"I long to see the Law eat a few skims," Leander said, and Peep Eye was hiding behind him, hearing every word.

U Z said, "I'm for giving the oninvited something to recollect this stir-off by."

"Amen," Leander said.

Mrs. Buckheart spoke nervously. "We ought to o' saved a couple gallons o' juice for candy, to please the chaps. We've got more sirup now than can be sopped till Judgment."

"Invited or not," Gid said, "I want folks to pleasure themselves. What's become o' the fiddlers?"

Leander shrugged. "Ever hear of a fiddler loving the Law? They left."

Old Gid cocked his chin and spoke low. "The size o' this crowd is onnatural. Something's drawn folks."

Jimp's mouth opened, but he'd no chance to get a word in edgeways. Gid latched his thumbs on his galluses and spiked his elbows. "I'm not a born fool," he said. "Why, I know the magistrate come to speak a ceremony. Everybody knows. Even Peep Eye's got the fact writ on her face." He glanced defiantly at Mrs. Buckheart. "Woman!

That spindling Branders stranger couldn't make a hum-bird a living."

Mrs. Buckheart's neck reddened. "Stranger to nobody but you. You've ne'er tested his grit, to my knowing."

"Why a daughter o' mine would choose a shikepoke to live with is ontelling."

Peep Eye emerged from behind Leander. "Plumey worships the dirt betwixt Rant Brander's toes," she said. She threw her neck like a hen; she flicked a spiteful glance at me.

My hunger fled. I thought, "I'll not eat a bit o' Buckheart foam." I tossed the molassy spoon into the fire. I turned away and saw Jimp whispering to U Z; I saw Jimp thrust the brass knuckles into U Z's hand.

Old Gid snapped, "Tell that young jake to git his growth."

"Speak to his face." Mrs. Buckheart challenged. "Come, I'll acquaint you."

"Sick him, Pap," Jimp crowed happily.

Gid's brows raised. "Ah," he said. His woman had him cornered. "Ah," he mumbled, "I don't mind shaking Rant Branders's glass hand, but first let me blow a spark o' life into the gethering." And just then Jimp raised on tiptoe, calling, "Looky yonder. They's two fellers rooster-fighting." Two fellows had their feet on marks, their arms doubled. They smote each other.

"Be-dog," Jimp cried, "wisht I was rooster-fighting with some'un my size." We hustled to see, crawling between folks' legs, getting inside the circle.

The rooster-fighters halted and the gathering made a roar of joy for Old Gid stepped into the ring, walked past Rant, and leveled a finger at Squire Letcher. Gid's voice rose good-naturedly. "Me and the square have a bone to pick. Allus ago we fit, and nary a one could whoop."

A flat smile withered on the squire's cheeks. He'd not the chance of a rabbit scrapping a ferret.

Gid said, "Let's move nigher the fire for light."

The crowd moved, leading the squire; it pushed and spread until the sorghum hole lay inside the ring. The butterweed stalk vanished. I saw Old Gid's boys bunching behind the crowd, their faces bright and tricky. U Z had left the kettle, edging close to Bailus; and both Leander and Bailus grinned oddly at me and Jimp.

But Gid didn't tip the squire. The magistrate stepped off the marked line, giving up ere he'd begun. He didn't even box his arms. He walked backward, keeping Gid at arm's length; he sidled and crawdabbed until he had sorghum-holed himself. He came out green as a mossed turkle. And then it was Old Gid's boys began pushing, and fellows shoved and fought to keep clear of the hole. Jimp and I were in the midst of the battle. Gid's boys soused a plenty; they soused folk invited or not, and they ducked one another too. U Z grabbed Bailus, rolling him head foremost; and Leander caught me, and Bailus snagged Jimp. They dipped us.

I wiped the green skims off my face. I saw Old Gid walk up to Rant Branders, saying, "Hit's time we're acquainted," and stuck out his arm. They clapped hands. Gid's jaws clenched as he gripped, his neck corded. Yet Rant didn't give down, didn't bat an eye, or bend a knee. He stood prime up to Old Gid, and wouldn't be conquered.

Old Gid dropped his hand. He cut a glance about, chuckling. "Roust the square if they's to be

a wedding," he said. "Night's a-burning."

Jimp and I hid behind the cane pile, being too hang-headed and shy to watch a marrying. Under the gilly trees Jimp said, "Me and you hain't never fit. Fighting makes good buddies." He clenched his fists.

I knew Peep Eye spied on us. "You hit first," I said, acting cagey, taking my part.

"Say a thing to rile me."

I said, "Your pappy's a bully man, and I'm glad Rant Branders locked his horns."

We fought. We fought with bare fists, and it was ruggety-pull, and neither of us could out-do. And of a sudden Peep Eye stood between us. Her cheek bore a soot mole, and she was fairer than any finch of a bird, fairer even than Plumey. She raised a hand, striking me across the mouth, and ran. Jimp said, "Jist a love lick." The blow hurt, but I was proud. And then we heard Old Gid's voice ring like a bell, and saw him waving his arms by the forgotten molasses kettle. "Land o' Gravy!" he shouted. "We've made seventeen gallons o' candy jacks."



Knoxville, March 10-12, 1942

Another year is beginning and new as well as old problems are on the horizon for mountain workers. Current articles in various publications are stressing the crises which church-supported colleges are facing in the loss of student population both to the draft and to defense jobs and in the increasing difficulty of raising money. Then, too, there is the post-war world in the mountains for which everyone interested in the spiritual, social and economic welfare of mountain youth must be planning.

It is at times like this that it means much to be a member of an organization in which a group is studying and facing these problems together. There is no one institution or agency that has a

monopoly on perplexities and there is no institution or agency which cannot benefit from group thinking and discussion about them.

The annual meeting of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers will be held in Knoxville, Tennessee, March 10-12. What do you think are the most pressing questions which should be considered at those sessions? If this program is to meet the needs of the group, the members of the group must speak up. Now is the time for you to send in your suggestions to the secretary of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, Berea, Kentucky. The program committee will welcome free expression of ideas.

HHH

WHITHER YOUTH

GLYN A. MORRIS

The following article grows out of a consideration of those private schools in the mountains which are either thinking of terminating their service, or are striving to readjust their programs to meet the needs of changed conditions, brought about by more and better roads, and an increased number of public schools. It is hoped that this study may suggest further areas for service.

Last spring I picked up a hitch-hiker, on the road to a nearby city. He carried a suitcase on which was carefully marked "To Louisville." I learned that he was a country boy, nineteen years old, proud of the high-school diploma in his suitcase and the certificate that he had received some training in woodworking. Armed with these and with unmistakable optimism, he was off to seek the elusive Eldorado. An injury to one of his eyes ruled him out of the mines and he hoped to become a welder, although he could give no particular reason for this choice; probably it was related to defense. Some days later, a not too encouraging letter from him said that he had finally wound up in night school, where he was studying bookkeeping while working at some menial task in the daytime.

No figures are available as to the number of mountain young people whose experience is comparable, but this is a standard pattern. There was no evidence from the boy's conversation or his subsequent experience that any of his teachers had the slightest notion of what would follow the academic training of high school. He himself was quite unaware that he would be faced with the practical problem of finding a job in a labor market which lists 25,000 different kinds of jobs and about which he, as a prospective worker, was completely ignorant.

It is at this point that public education is most weak. Here is a large gap in service to youth. The related problems of migration and guidance, specifically vocational in this instance, are less quickly recognized and require a different point of view and different techniques from those involved in school programs whose primary purpose

is to abolish illiteracy. The boundaries of the latter are quite clear, although there may be some confusion within the boundaries. The former involves adjustment to constantly shifting labor markets and methods of production.

It is a mistake to assume that with the establishment of free public schools the "emergency" which called into existence the private school in the Appalachians has passed. The establishment of free public education is a big step—but only one step. It hardly seems necessary to say here that the problems in many parts of the Highlands require that the mountain youth be provided with more resources than the usual academic program provides. The relatively very low amount of money available for educational purposes reflects economic and social illness which will for some time require considerable priming from both private and public sources.

It goes without saying that the child without opportunity for schooling ought to be provided with it. But the other problem—migration, and the lack of vocational guidance and training (of which our hitch-hiker's predicament is typical), will be less quickly recognized, and demands a different kind of technique for education.

Another aspect of the same problem is represented by a selected group of 16 high school students in Harlan County who met for a week of intensive study and discussion of youth problems covering recreation, religion, health, and jobs.¹ I shall not mention here what they had to say about the first three topics. The 16 youngsters named 14 kinds of jobs to which they were aspiring—namely, doctor, mechanic, electrical engineer, socialized medicine, miner, nurse, designer, teacher of home economics, interior decorator, medical stenographer, writer, librarian, aviator, and secretary. Agriculture is conspicuous by its absence from the list. Only one aspired to the occupation from which 65 percent of his county's income is derived, namely, coal mining. We do not know

¹ As part of the Pine Mountain Youth Guidance Institute.

how much information these youngsters had about the training needed, the turnover, or the possibilities for employment in their specific occupational choices; whether temperament and aptitudes had been considered; nor do we know the bases on which they made their choices. We are quite sure that little counseling, if any, was provided. There is little or no information available on which the youngsters can base a judgment about the possibilities for practicing these vocations within the limits of the Appalachian region. For all of this they must trust to good fortune.

It will be noted that 13 of the 14 jobs to which the group of high school students aspired require advanced training; 10 require two years or more of college. It is interesting to compare their aspirations with the vocational offerings of the average college in this region, primarily concerned as our colleges are with teacher training.

In the light of youth's needs, of unemployment, (which has temporarily abated through the defense boom), and the inevitable trend toward adding one or two years of school to the high school period, here is a whole new field of usefulness which ought to be examined. We must somehow ascertain how we may provide terminal vocational training based on an adequate guidance program.

With very few exceptions, there does not seem to be any indication that the problem of vocational training, guidance and migration has been recognized by rural public schools. Some private schools claim that they train their students "to go back to the mountains," but because no distinction is made between rural and urban localities the claim is misleading. Especially is this true since many private schools evade the question of migration. It would seem highly desirable to have a comprehensive factual picture of this problem. Such a survey picture would be all the more appropriate in the light of statements in the *Report to the President on the Social and Economic Conditions in the South* that there is a heavy migration of rural folk, including the more talented and well trained.¹ Such a survey would afford better guidance and curriculum planning. As commendable as it may be to train mountain boys and girls to return to their communities, it would seem that the personality of the boy or girl who attempts to seek his

fortune elsewhere because of overpopulation in his home community should receive the same care and consideration as the one who is to return to his home. It is obvious that the conditions under which the migrant youth must seek his fortune will not be the same as those "up the hollow" from which he came, and that his program should be different. But neither public nor private schools pay much attention to this distinction.

By contrast now we turn from the group of students who finish high school, to the larger group of youngsters who do not complete high school. Here is another aspect of the youth problem in the mountains, one still serious and challenging in some rural regions. The group which completes high school is a select group. Because of many adverse conditions, including an uninteresting and sterile curriculum and inadequately trained teachers, the process of selectivity (which works with deadly certainty in rural areas especially) has left behind anywhere from 3 to 9 children for each of our 16 high school graduates. They will go to make up the approximate 80 percent of the total population who *must* work at routine, unskilled tasks both in and out of the mountains. Yet it is a rare program which takes the majority group into account. Establishment of free public education alone is not the answer. If the world had stood still for the past two decades that might suffice. But we live now in a mechanized, highly specialized, mobile society. There is evidence that we have more problems to cope with now than we did twenty years ago. Regardless of the disagreement among educators as to how much and where vocational training and guidance should begin, common sense dictates that the present standardized academic program is not enough. With increased leisure time and the raising of the age for employment, much is needed to supplement the existing school program.

This brings us again to the problem of migration. In one highly industrialized mountain county, one out of every two young people (or nearly that proportion) must leave in search of work elsewhere. In an adjacent rural county this figure is much higher. In the first county, with a youth population of 28,737, there are jobs for only 140 girls a year and these consist mostly of holiday season work. The migration figure increases in proportion to the increase in the birth rate and

remoteness from urban centers, and in lower economic level. Here is an extensive and serious problem, for in some respects the 80 percent who must do unskilled labor are at a greater disadvantage than the college graduate to whom so much thought is given. In terms of the "abundant life" this group needs more attention than the

college group. I am reminded at this point that proportionately more high school graduates go to college than is true in non-mountain rural counties.

As our problems become more diffused and the boundaries of the mountain community are broken down by means of communication, we are chal-

(Continued on Page 30)



ARMED WITH BROOMSTICKS

In the first World War it was reported that Russian soldiers were sent into battle armed with broomsticks. Have we not a comparable situation in the Southern Highlands today?

In the war to save democracy there is no more important sector of the front than the Southern Mountains, no more strategic area to be defended. As articles in this issue of *Mountain Life and Work* point out, there is great need for public health nurses, doctors, teachers, and religious workers in this sector, people trained for service in mountain areas to meet conditions as they exist. There are also young men and women who wish to man these posts, willing to serve in the army of democracy. The crux of the situation, however, is in getting personnel with adequate training and in finding financial backing. Neither the federal government, state governments, or private charities are spending money adequately to equip these youth with the kind of training they must have to render effective service, and especially to support them in the field so they can fight the enemies of democracy—malnutrition, ignorance, prejudice and sectarianism. With broomstick training—a formal high school education and perhaps a few college credits in traditional subjects—many youth are turned out to cope with difficulties that would tax the resources of workers with the best possible training for the specific jobs and with adequate financial backing. They have neither. Meanwhile they are subjected to continual "aerial bombardment" from the enemies of an indigenous civilization in the mountains, urging

them to leave this sector for service in some other area where conditions are easier and where the pay and the equipment are better.

John Frederic Oberlin, in the Vosges Mountains; Mary Breckinridge, in the Frontier Nursing Service; Lillian Wald, in East Side New York; or Jane Addams, in Chicago—all these had to have financial backing. They rendered great service, they fought and won battles, but not with broomsticks.

If perchance a man should have any success with his broomstick in the mountains he would soon be snatched off to some great city to become Supervisor of Broomstick Warfare in all rural America.

In the Southern Highlands, where the natural resources have largely passed into the hands of outsiders, it will be necessary for some one to provide thorough training, adequate weapons, and especially subsistence and supplies—at least "\$21 a month with board and clothes"—if we are to keep enough fighters on the front in the mountain sector to win any campaigns, to save democracy there. Occasional single-handed skirmishes may be won by broomstick valiants, but no big campaign, no war, will be won till Washington, state capitals, church boards or other private sources provide financial backing in adequate amounts.

Those Russians in the first World War may have been heroic souls, willing to lay down their lives for a cause, but there were no reports of great victories won by a broomstick army! OLK

Notes on the Tour of American Cooperatives

C. C. HAUN

Touring American cooperators in recent years have visited cooperatives in Nova Scotia, England, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Norway and other countries around the globe, but only this summer did they turn to their own American "acres of diamonds." The Cooperative League, Federal Council of Churches, and other agencies sponsored the tour which was made July 7-19 by forty people—producers and consumers from farm and city, teachers, preachers, journalists and managers of cooperative enterprises from Florida, California, Oregon, Canadian provinces, New York and in-between states.

As members of the touring party traveled through towns and cities of the middle west, in which were located an endless chain of co-operative stores, gasoline stations, plants manufacturing supplies for cooperatives, and big wholesale houses stacked with co-op goods, the size of cooperative business became increasingly impressive.

During the past twenty-five years thousands of American cooperatives have been organized and they are now doing over two million dollars business a day, but many Americans have never even heard of the new "luckies." Ninety-one of these co-op-sterile individuals were recently discovered through a quiz of 100 Americans in the loop section of Chicago. Tours and many other educational agencies will have to be organized before America becomes conscious of this socio-economic giant that is growing so rapidly in many parts of our United States.

The tour started from Columbus, Ohio, where visitors were received by state and national leaders of the cooperative movement. Carl Hutchinson, educational director of the Ohio Farm Bureau Cooperatives, and Mary MacMillan, of the New York office of the Cooperative League, took charge. Under their guidance and that of the directors of cooperatives all the way to Kansas City, the touring party combined seeing the co-operative movement with hearing and feeling it. Tasting cooperative products and devouring dinners prepared by cooperators along the way gave

assurance that the new cooperative age will be flowing with "milk and honey."

In the first food store visited a display of cooperative literature faced customers as they waited for the sacking of their groceries. One of the folders contained a list of nineteen cooperatives and services in that city—Columbus. It also outlined the cooperative gospel as follows:

1. Open Membership. Anyone may join regardless of race, creed, or other affiliation.

2. Democratic Control. Each member has one vote on all decisions of policy and administration, regardless of the amount of his investment, and proxies are not allowed.

3. Limited Interest on Capital. A fixed rate, not higher than the legal maximum, is paid on operating capital provided by members.

4. Patronage Dividends. Each member shares in the net earnings of the cooperative in proportion to his patronage.

5. Cash Trading. Cooperatives buy and sell for cash.

6. Political and Religious Neutrality. Cooperatives neither support nor condemn any political or religious doctrine as such.

7. Education and Expansion. Specified reserves are regularly set aside out of the earnings of the cooperative for education of members and the public cooperative principles and objectives, and for expansion of the services and financial resources of the organization."

Everywhere along the way through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri, cooperators stressed the importance of the above "Rochdale Principles." These fundamentals stood out on co-op posters, calendar cards, match booklets, backs of grocery-list pages, promotion folders, co-op papers, and in the by-laws of cooperative associations.

The history of Rochdale has been repeated so many times that every one must be aware of these trustworthy methods and also the danger in disregarding them. Four days before Christmas in 1844, when a little group of twenty-eight poverty-

stricken, strike-defeated, industrial weavers of Rochdale, England, started their tiny cooperative grocery store, they were ridiculed and all but overcome by mountainous waves of difficulty, including the fear caused by previous failures with co-operatives. After a year of studying these failures they had come to agreement upon the principles and methods which they believed would succeed, and through extreme sacrifice during that year they had saved a hundred and forty dollars with which to start "a store for the sale of provisions and clothing."

The Rochdale pioneers had discovered how to organize and regulate a new economic instrument for democratic action. In an adverse environment this tiny institution began to grow. In the next ninety-two years this society increased its membership to 38,000 and saved an estimated \$20,000,000 in its total business of \$150,000,000. Out of small beginnings, in difficult situations, Rochdale is still repeating itself in many American cooperatives.

Ohio

Nearly every county in Ohio has one or more cooperatives. The Ohio Farm Bureau has sponsored their development and continually pushes their expansion by means of field representatives, printed literature, public meetings, hundreds of neighborhood study clubs (called Advisory Councils); by the service of central wholesales, manufacturing plants and statewide businesses such as the Ohio Cooperative Automobile and Life Insurance Associations, with their substantial savings for town and country people. In the large Columbus Central Office Building the touring party saw modern equipment, efficient methods in use; more impressive than these, however, were the friendliness of employees at routine business tasks and the esprit de corps of clerks in the cooperative stores on the ground floor. There is magic in the spirit of cooperators no matter where they meet.

Mr. Murray D. Lincoln, president of the Cooperative League and head of the Ohio Cooperative, reviewed the development of cooperatives for the touring party. Marked changes are now taking place, he pointed out, and it is important to get the "consumer viewpoint." Farmers must learn to produce for consumers. Farmers have gained by purchasing their supplies cooperatively and have increased their returns through marketing

cooperatives, but they must now learn to think primarily in terms of consumers. "Production for use," rather than for higher profits on the farm and in the factory, leads to quality products all along the line.

On the way from Columbus to Indianapolis, Indiana, Cooperatives were visited which handle seed, feed, fertilizer, gasoline, oil, farm machinery and many other commodities. At Wilmington, in Clinton County, Ohio, the touring party looked through several units and heard at a luncheon the story of their development. The cooperative association which started in 1924 with fifteen members has grown to 950 share-holders and 1600 customers. At first the business was handled in a 20 x 40 building, but now there are large warehouses, a central office, oil storage tanks, a lumber yard and, in different parts of the county, feed stores and gasoline stations. Business is now running at the rate of \$600,000 a year. There are 25 advisory councils in this county, which will be studying "credit unions" and "buying for quality" this winter.

Indiana

In the year old tractor factory at Shelbyville, Indiana, co-op tourists learned how new cooperative enterprises are started. A well qualified engineer was hired three years ago and with substantial help from Chrysler Corporation engineers designed a high-quality tractor. The Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania Farm Bureau Cooperatives invested \$45,000 in initial capital. Orders were placed with different manufacturing concerns for all of the parts that would be needed to assemble the co-op tractors. Last year the assembly line was started in a modest building which is now crowded with activity. Due to unforeseen difficulties the National Farm Machinery Cooperative had to prepare more and more of their materials, until 85 percent of the parts are now manufactured in their plant. Five tractors a day are now being turned out at a cost of \$1250 each, which is at least \$100 below competitive tractors.

On nearing Indianapolis the route led by the 1,500,000 bushel cooperative grain terminal. Over fifty immense stacks, in stately columns, stretching across the evening landscape aroused deep emotions, for there in storage were the crops of thousands of farms, family cooperators who, through their cooperation, will have more income for food,

clothing, health, homes and schooling this winter. Later in the evening Mr. Hull revealed figures showing that the farmers had paid for this terminal in commissions twice in four years; then the third time, they bought it outright.

"Any movement needs a sponsoring organization," explained Mr. I. H. Hull, general manager of the Indiana State Association. The Indiana Farm Bureau with a membership of 100,000 has fostered many local and statewide cooperatives. In 1920 local organizations started buying fertilizer together and now one of the mixing plants, started in 1939, holds 20,000 tons of ingredients and in peak production puts out 1200 tons per day. Some of the savings go into plant expansion. Some are brought about by price reduction of the regular commercial companies to keep in line with the cooperatives. For instance, last year 2-12-6 fertilizer sold in Indiana at \$25.65 per ton while it was retailing in other non-cooperative controlled states at over \$29.

There were 600 hatcheries in Indiana when the Farm Bureau Cooperative hatchery movement was started in 1922. The state capacity was far beyond the need of all localities, but it had been developed for the profit-god who seeks more and more capacity at lower and lower costs for higher and higher profits.

Seventeen hatcheries with a central breeding plant have solved the problem of how to obtain quality bred chicks at a reasonable cost. The death rate of co-op chicks was reduced to 3 percent while other sources averaged 25 percent. Flocks from co-op chicks were producing 168 eggs per bird yearly when the entire state average was 86. Last year, under actual farm conditions, birds from co-op chicks averaged 203 eggs for leghorns, 193.5 eggs for barred rocks and 188.3 eggs for white rocks. Paralysis and pallor disease, the chief causes of loss, have been practically eliminated from co-op chicks.

Illinois

In the Chicago Wholesale Cooperative, products lined the passage-ways. Mr. Bogardus, general manager of Central States Cooperative League, said that 700 items are now under co-op labels, making it possible to use them in 99 percent of the business. "We are determined to have control of our quality." He emphasized the fact that "We must be successful merchants in cooperative enter-

prises—we must be as efficient as A&P." Eight thousand consumers in 70 member societies, each having at least one \$25 membership share in this young wholesale, conducted a business of \$250,000 last year. Business and education are handled together. One-tenth of 1 percent of the gross sales are used for cooperative education.

The oldest cooperative store in Chicago has been running for twenty-six years in a Bohemian section. In addition to groceries the Bohemians run a credit union, building and loan association, and provide social rooms and musical instruments for their young people.

Several years ago a group of Negro residents in a Rosenwald apartment house began studying cooperatives. This led to a buying club, which soon outgrew its basement quarters. An old store room was leased. Then for weeks members of the new cooperative spent after-work hours remodeling, painting and equipping the store. The beautiful modern food market with its shelves of brilliant colored co-op label goods is growing rapidly.

Consumers' Cooperative Services near the University of Chicago bears this inscription: "This store is owned and controlled by its customers, 700 Hyde Park neighbors." The \$12,000 business a month is made up mainly of groceries. Salaries are higher than chain store rates. A very ingenious invention has been developed by the manager which increases efficiency with added satisfaction for clerk and customer. In a back storage room racks have been built with inclining channels through which canned goods roll toward the clerk; equipped with head phones and attached mouth-piece he discusses the brands and qualities of products while filling an order from a home at the other end of the line. Forty percent of the business is thus done by the telephone with savings sufficient to cover free delivery of all orders over three dollars.

Over one hundred University students lease a corner building near the University in which they feed themselves, cafeteria style, at less than five dollars per week, while paying student labor (members) 45 cents per hour. On the second and third floors attractively furnished rooms are provided at \$9 per month. There are five student co-ops at Chicago joined in a co-op union. Later on the tour, student co-ops were visited at Purdue and the University of Minnesota.

After supper in the Ellis Student Cooperative Cafeteria, E. R. Bowen, Secretary of the Cooperative League, challenged the co-op travelers with statements and statistics graphically presented. Mr. Bowen began by presenting Abraham Lincoln's statement that: "There has been only one question in all history—that is how to prevent a few men from saying to many men, you work and earn bread and we will eat it." "Here in the richest farming section," said Mr. Bowen, "we are piling up grain while people throughout our nation still go hungry. Here in Illinois, Iowa and South Dakota farmers own less [land] than in all other states—by 1940 Iowa had 75 percent non-ownership. A similar condition in Denmark, years ago, was changed by the creation of cooperatives with the result that their 40 percent non-ownership by farmers was reduced to 3 percent."

The midwestern cooperative movement started in earnest with the economic distress of farmers during the 1920 agricultural slump, explained Mr. Bowen. The point had been reached where middlemen were taking 50 percent of the farmers' fewer dollars, so they began to wake up. Cooperatives were organized to handle petroleum products; feed, seed and fertilizer; groceries and insurance. By 1937 there were 2601 purchasing coops and 29 wholesales, each doing a million or more dollars business annually. The development of cooperatives in cities is more recent and quite difficult because, explained Mr. Bowen, "People in the city know far less about running their own business than farmers."

"The urban group starts with a study club. Then when they begin to say, 'Well let's do something about it,' a buying club is started. Soon this grows into a store handling package goods, vegetables, fruit, meat and milk routes; need for the credit union brings it along with the store. First the group plays and studies together; then they pool their finances and go into cooperative business."

In Waukegan, Illinois, cooperative growth dates from 1911 when a group of housewives became disgusted with the high price and low quality of milk being sold to them. They began buying two cans of milk daily, direct from a farmer. Now their cooperative supplies 2300 families on 13 milk routes. The farmers' dairy cooperative developed with the general Cooperative Trading Company,

which operates the pasteurizing plant, milk routes, ice cream plant, bakery, sausage factory and grocery stores. Of the savings on milk products, one-third is returned to the farmer; the remainder goes into business expansion and patronage refunds to the consumers. The main warehouse of the Waukegan Cooperative Trading Company handles grocery stocks, produce, mill feeds and egg candling for the five food stores and other co-op agencies.

Also in Waukegan we saw one of the most beautiful super service stations, in white tile surface and tastily designed co-op insignia, handling co-op gasoline, co-op oils, co-op tires and co-op automobile accessories; co-op inspired workers greeted the touring party and serviced the thirteen cars. From this point to the last modern, streamlined, luxuriant food market in the city, the visitors marveled at the handiwork of Waukegan co-operators.

Wisconsin

In Kenosha, Wisconsin, 90 percent of the co-operators are members of labor unions. A small group of labor people, as individuals, started the first cooperative in Kenosha, which now has official union backing. Over one of the cooperative gas stations is a large upper room used by union and cooperative committees and by large groups of members for social gatherings. There are 700 cooperators in Kenosha who received a 5 percent patronage refund last year. Before returning this saving, the usual reserves were set aside, including one-half of 1 percent of the net



Indian Cooperative, Black River Falls, Wisconsin

sales for cooperative education.

On three corners of a busy street intersection in Racine, Wisconsin, are located: (1) A co-op gas station (one of six in this city), (2) co-op headquarters and meeting hall, and (3) an attractive modern food market, making up "Co-op Corners."

Years ago a cooperative store in Racine failed but in the economic chaos of 1934 labor and liberals made common cause in union and cooperative organizations. "Build co-ops and lower prices! Build unions and raise wages!" was the slogan. Twenty organizations now functioning in Racine include: Co-op Press, Group Health Mutual, Women's Co-op Guild, Rochdale Co-op Youth Club, Student Co-op House, Co-op Creamery Association, and Credit Unions. There are 1500 members in the cooperatives and the general over-all directorate includes two members of the AFL, two of the CIO, and two farmers.

The need of capital for adequate cooperative enterprise is more fully recognized in Racine than in some centers. New members invest \$10 which must grow to \$30 before patronage rebates are returned. A further requirement is now being considered which would retain one-half of the patronage refunds until each member share reaches \$100.

In Black River Falls, Wisconsin, Indians and more recent Americans, representing twenty-one co-ops in their county, finished their luncheon reception with strawberry shortcake, bringing back to Southerners in the party pleasant recollections of early spring days. One of the toast responses was made by a stalwart Indian farmer who explained how baskets were made by the Winnebago Handicraft Cooperative.

The strawberry cooperative had already done \$36,000 business this year with some of the shipments going to Ohio, Colorado and Texas. Four cooperative cheese factories, three livestock associations, two telephone systems and a credit union operate in this county. Over four thousand members in the co-ops carry on educational and social activities through their Cooperative Advancement Association. The secretary of this over-all association declared that "Cooperative education is the most important factor in building a cooperative movement."

In the northern woods of Wisconsin near Lake Superior, the caravan of co-op tourists drew up for

a weekend rest in the cooperative recreation camp on the Brule river. Older young people were conducting their final Saturday night program in the four-week cooperative training course, and on Sunday juniors took their place. Cooperative education starts at the age of eight; for the teen-age group the curriculum includes economics, public speaking and parliamentary law. Dramatics, folk music and games are also included. One of the instructors told the tourists that many of these young people come from homes where "Their parents have nothing much to pass on except their cooperative faith, which represents not only economic opportunity but a way of life and a social philosophy for the trying days ahead."

Central Cooperative Wholesale

In a quiz forum program, with fourteen cooperative leaders in the circle, Mr. Oscar Cooley, editor of the *Cooperative Builder*, surveyed the Central Cooperative Wholesale in its services to 221 local cooperatives in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, including stores, oil stations, creameries, cheese factories, grain elevators, feed mills, electric co-ops and branch wholesales. In 1917 the representatives of seventeen cooperatives met in Superior to consider a wholesale. Fifteen dollars was contributed from their pockets and the enterprise initiated. To the present day only \$18,000 has come through investment of actual cash from local cooperatives, but their shares in the wholesale have accumulated until it is now worth \$250,000. A large four-story brick warehouse was acquired from a defunct private wholesale company that "would not bother with the small accounts of the cooperatives."

By using one-half of 1 percent of the net sales, the wholesale and publishing associations are able to conduct a speakers' bureau, an annual ten-weeks training school for employees, one-week institutes, co-op youth courses, circuit schools for directors and managers, cooperative films, and radio programs. Two weekly newspapers are published along with cooperative pamphlets and books.

Co-op Big Business

As the tour swept south through Minneapolis, Omaha, and Kansas City, the scope of wholesales and cooperative business became so extensive that it seemed to blend with the endless expanse of the prairies. In one day the Midland Cooperative Wholesale took the touring party in a chartered

bus to twenty-four cooperatives in Minneapolis and Saint Paul. At the Farmers' Union Central Exchange, which did over \$6,000,000 business last



World's First Cooperative Refinery, Phillipsburg, Kansas

year, the visitors were met by a large drum and bugle corps of office employees in brilliant yellow and green uniforms.

At noon an all-cooperative luncheon was enjoyed in the Land O'Lakes Creameries plant. The president of this great cooperative related his experience in 1923 when he made his first trip in search of markets in the eastern cities. "Big wholesale companies dumped their butter on the market to scare us. We soon discovered, however, that our best markets were not in the big centers; so we went direct to consumers in small centers where orders were received for our high quality, standardized products. Our business built on quality has reached as much as \$50,000,000 in a single year."

Co-op Oil Wells

In Phillipsburg, Kansas, the world's first co-op refinery, supplied by the first co-op oil wells, through the first co-op pipe line, ninety miles long, started operation on January 1, 1940; when the first tour of American cooperatives came by, it was running at its full daily capacity of 88,000 gallons of gasoline and four carloads of locomotive fuel oil.

Farmers of western Kansas who were ruined by the dust bowl calamity are now, with aid of co-op oil wells, "farming the subsoil" and sharing in

the produce from their land. Cooperators also understand that "if the consumers of the world owned the oil they use, they would not be fighting over it."

Nearly two decades ago Mr. Howard A. Cowden began pointing farmers to the excessive price which they were paying for gasoline and oil. Nothing happened until 1929, when he resigned his job, rented an old two-car garage in Kansas City, bought a car from a junk pile and testing equipment from a defunct laboratory, and with two helpers started the distribution of petroleum products. Out of this small Rochdale beginning grew the successful Consumers Cooperative Wholesale, which with the power of its 125,000 farmer members and cooperative friends in other regions was able to launch the cooperative refinery and oil wells. Consumers Cooperative Wholesale, housed in a large Kansas City plant, manufactures co-op paint and other products in addition to all of its regular services. Business last year exceeded \$6,000,000, with net earnings of \$166,000 of which \$90,000 was returned to the patrons.

Mr. Cowden, president of Consumers Cooperative Wholesale, modestly points to the achievements: "All that we have done is to show what poor people can do when they turn their minds to it. We pool our purchasing power not to make a profit but a saving. The trend definitely is toward our own production of more and more products distributed by cooperatives. This, in a period of rising prices, offers a way of checking profiteering, providing an almost automatic system of price control, since groups of people in business for themselves would find no advantage in overcharging themselves."

Mr. Cowden, from his experiences in the United States and from his observations of cooperatives in other lands sketched the immensity of the cooperative movement. "The old system has broken down," he said. "Cooperatives are the answer for the new era. We must accept the discipline of our own ideals. We can save the future if we can only build fast enough."

With these parting words of inspiration, members of the first tour of American cooperatives turned toward home with new resolve to help usher in the cooperative age.

HEALTH FOR THE HIGHLANDS

ANESTA A. GLOVIER

Among the memories carried over from childhood, each of us has, no doubt, something which stands out vividly. In my own case it is the two words, "Hello, doctor!" Stormy nights, rainy nights, freezing cold and sleet—and a frightened voice coming out of the darkness, bringing with it all the possibilities of accident, pain, birth or even death. It was reassuring to hear the sound of my father's "All right" coming from his room. Soon there would be a hurried consultation in the hall as he gleaned all the information possible from the messenger. Then with his saddle bags over his arm he would fare forth into the night and after a little while I would hear the hoof beats of the horses fading away into the distance. Wondering, I would fall asleep knowing that he would be gone until morning—perhaps hours later. Always I shall remember the unfailing courage and cheerfulness with which he carried on, meeting and dealing with conditions which would be unbelievable now. If there is a special place in Heaven for the chosen of God, I shall always feel that it belongs to the country doctors I knew in my childhood.

The only reason that I'm on this program is that my background is what might be called a cross section of conditions known as Southern Appalachians. I was born and bred in the briar patch, as it were. The daughter of a country doctor, I took training in a mountain hospital and became a graduate nurse. Later, I married and for twenty years helped raise a family on a farm in the mountains, the joy of raising a family and making a home equal to the joy I had experienced in working in a twenty-bed hospital ward caring for sick in our mountains.

This Health Conference grew out of our distress over the conditions which exist in the 205 Southern Appalachian counties. Let us take a sort of bird's eye—or shall we say "worm's eye"—view of the area.

It is, indeed, a land of incredible contrasts. Running through it like threads of gold are fertile valleys where comfort and peace abide. Back in the coves and on the mountain sides one finds a

bitter difference. Here are some of the finest but most underprivileged people in all the land. Once there was game in the woods; there were nuts and berries in abundance; as far as the eye could see there were noble forests. Now the picture has changed. Gone are the nuts and fruit. In place of the magnificent forests one sees eroded hillsides, where the abundant rain and floods have done their deadly work. Outside industries have drained the country, taking not only its coal and timber but those of its population who were ambitious to secure more of the material things, thus causing a human erosion and leaving the Appalachians a land of the very old and the very young.

One type of people still left is that of the owners of small farms who have clung to their homes for generations, growing poorer and poorer as the years pass. Another type includes those who followed the industries of mining and lumbering and who, now that the coal and timber are gone, still cling to the miserable shacks in the hollows. The "stay-put" kind are at least more resourceful, as they have always tilled the soil. The floating population lost the ability to live off the land and have become an ever-increasing burden on the welfare agencies.

More than 50 percent more children are born in this mountain section than is necessary to maintain a stable population. These children are brought up on the lowest incomes, in counties where often less than 11 cents per capita is spent for health work; only in a few cities does the amount reach as much as 50 cents. The urban areas of the nation having a 30 percent deficit of children, eventually get an increasingly large number of the surplus population of the mountains to replace their waning population. How sound will they be?

The depression caused tens of thousands of those who had gone out to the industrial areas to pour back into the country, bringing their families, overtaxing the already meagre resources of those at home, 40 percent of whom had less than \$100 per capita income. Some families did not have that much cash for the entire family in a year. Half of the 400,000 farms in the Southern High-

lands have less than 50 acres and one-fourth of them less than 20 acres. Only one out of 250 families is in really comfortable circumstances. One out of every 20 family heads had to go on relief.

Now that the defense program is under way the tide of human erosion has again begun. The fine and physically fit are again draining out into the Army, Navy and the industries, leaving a larger percent of less fit to maintain the population and the home. Health departments and welfare agencies will be overworked. Over 80 percent of the population needs dental work. The U. S. Marine Corps turned down about six out of seven mountain boys examined, the chief cause being poor teeth. We are told that 40 percent of the selectees for the army were rejected, mainly for this reason. So-called "high-cost illnesses" are rife—such as cancer, tuberculosis, mental illnesses, etc. There are only two-thirds as many doctors in the mountains per unit of the population as for the United States as a whole. Mountain miles are steep and hard. Too often doctors are overtaxed to bear the burden of charity practice. They are literally squeezed out of the rural areas because of this and because of lack of hospital facilities for caring properly for patients. Yes, I know that there are many patients who can pay but won't. I find far, far too many, however, who die rather than call a doctor knowing he can't be paid.

North Carolina has a splendid Health Department and heroic work is being done by it as well as by all the medical profession. But we have let 40 states keep ahead of us in keeping down infant death rates. Only seven states have a worse record. There are seven of our mountain counties which have no general hospital. Four counties are without health departments, and 41,000 children are as yet unreached by our health service—not because of inefficiency of the staff, but because we do not yet feel it important enough to spend money for the trailer clinics and the staff and equipment it would take to reach them.

I was told not to dwell on statistics, but how can one keep away from them? In 1939 there were 79,149 babies born in North Carolina. Of these babies, 4,683 died before they were one year old. For the 100 counties in our state, we have as yet only 23 school dentists. We have 284 nurses engaged in public health work; of these, 39 are

Negroes. There are 23,000 nurses to serve the 3,000 counties of the United States. Only 6,000 are working in places of less than 10,000 population. While we are cheerfully spending billions to defend our country, let us see what we could do with half a billion dollars for another kind of defense. Half a billion dollars would train professionally 6,000 doctors, 15,000 nurses and pay for their services. This would place two more doctors and five nurses in every county in the United States. We would still have enough to build a \$100,000 hospital in each of 500 rural counties which so sorely need them.

Our present health set up does not allow for the geographical variations in economic conditions. I have had the privilege of going with public health nurses in several mountain states as they made their rounds. We spent hours going over rocky roads in a car, roads that only log wagons should have gone over. Then, leaving the car, we would climb steep miles to find a family living in squalor. A good nurse sent into one of our counties during a flood disaster, told that she would have to drive over dangerous roads to reach the people who needed her services, replied, "I just cannot drive over dirt roads—anything but that." She had been beautifully trained in everything except for mountain work.

Another illustration of the training problem: while living in the Tennessee mountains I sat in on a gathering of young mothers listening to a very earnest young woman talk on child welfare and homemaking. On the bench beside me sat a young mother, busy with her three small tow-heads; the youngsters, dusty from the two-mile walk, were vastly more interested in catching a June bug than in anything the speaker had to say. When the talk was finished, the young mother rose, placed the youngest astride her hip and took another by the hand: "Well", she remarked, "I reckon the pore gal means well, but pears to me she's been kep in school so steady she ain't had no time to learn nothin'." There was no doubt much truth in the remark.

But the people of the mountains must be educated to the need and value of public health work. The tragic fact is that one of the tow-heads of this critical young mother died of typhoid just as he was reaching his teens. As I watched the coffin do down into the earth on that raw November

day I reflected bitterly that it was all so unnecessary; for I had sat in the court room a short time before and listened to the vote of "No" to the proposed plan for a county health department. Hearing a member say a little later "I'm against any plan to tax my county for anything as silly as a health department," I couldn't resist saying "Brother, have you ever watched a baby die of diphtheria? Have you ever lost a member of your family with typhoid? (I happened to know that he had). If so, do you think either life was not worth the price of that plug of tobacco in your pocket? That's about all its would cost each of you to have prevented not only those deaths but hundreds of others."

The public health program is doing much, but not enough! As we walk down the streets of our mountain towns on Saturday afternoon, do we see only the healthy, well-fed and prosperous? Or do we see faces of children with rickets, necks with goitre, sickly babies held in the arms of mothers grown old before their time with carrying burdens too heavy? When we visit our alms houses do we look into the faces of the unfortunate and wonder what we might have done in time to save them from their hopelessness? When we visit our schools, we should realize that due to the untiring vigilance of our health departments and the watchfulness of our teachers, we have increased the attendance in school to an unprecedented degree, thereby making possible the education of thousands of youngsters who would otherwise have been unable, because of physical defects, to be in school. Where the health departments have been at work we do not see the vacant open mouths and hear the labored breathing of the children with unremedied throat conditions; we do not see the unhappy frown of the little one trying to study with defective vision, or the stupid stare of the child whose hearing has been so bad that he has been considered not quite right.

Through my memory there passes a stream of faces. The face of the young married woman who came into my office last week, so happy over fixing up the little cabin to make a home for herself and young husband. She was beautiful in her joy until she smiled; then one saw the row of decayed teeth. I asked if she had ever been to a dentist. She replied "Yes, I went last week, but he says it is too late to fix them. They'll all have to come

out. You see, there were twelve of us and Ma expecting another one, and Pa did well to feed us and buy shoes for us. We didn't have anything to pay a dentist." I wondered what the effect on the next generation would be.

Then there is the face of the young mother who came last March, carrying a four-year-old child in her arms over three miles of frozen steep road, her eyes desperate in their appeal. I found that the child's temperature was 104 degrees. "You should have called a doctor," I said. She replied "I didn't have anything to pay him with—there's ten of us to feed and clothe."

There is the face of a tiny boy of four struggling for breath—pneumonia, both lungs involved. The father had come for me one night when the temperature was zero and a blizzard was blowing over the mountain. Arriving at the home, I told them, "We must get a doctor at once." I shall never forget the mother's face. "We tried and tried," she said, "but couldn't get any. They are all too busy." It seemed incredible, but I remembered that there was influenza abroad in the land and I had seen the haggard face of one of the local doctors only the day before. Weeks later I brought the little patient to our home for convalescence. That night as he sat on a little stool before the fire I was startled to have him look up and say, "I've dot a penny and I'm dona pay you for making me well. Mama said we always pay doctors."

Another memory is the face of the young mother who told me she had a terrible pain in her breast; she had had it for two year's but couldn't afford to call a doctor. Her operation was arranged for, but it was of no avail then. Help had come too late, and three small children were left motherless in the little cabin in the hollow.

There are other faces. There's the face of a beautiful blue-eyed baby dying in convulsions: no doctor could be found to save her. There's the face of a splendid young fellow who had saved and worked all through his high school to go to college. Just as he graduated a serious injury caused him to go to the hospital for treatment. Thanks to medical skill he was cured, but as he left the hospital he remarked "Well, there goes the last of my money for college."

There's the face of the little boy in the alms house who had stumbled about all his life with no one knowing that he was nearly blind. He was taken

in hand by the health department and placed in a school where he could be trained for a happy useful life. There's one face I shall never forget, just for the sheer joy it brought: A beautiful little girl's radiant smile as she looked up into the eyes of one of our Asheville specialists. The welfare worker had brought her a hundred miles to arrange for the removal of an eye, blinded through accident. The family had lost everything during the flood and could not pay for treatment. Through the cooperation of the welfare, health department and blind commission and with the assistance from the church, the little girl received her operation and now is the proud possessor of a beautiful artificial eye in place of an empty socket.

We are forging ahead toward a goal. The medical profession is awake, the laity is awaking. The church and other organizations are lending a hand. The country doctors I knew in my childhood are sleeping in their beloved hills, but their souls go marching on. Just the other day a beautiful baby of four months was brought to me to be weighed. As I held him in my arms and looked into his dimpled face, I said in my heart to him: "Young man, I apologize. We have let you arrive in a place where it's more dangerous to be a baby than to be a soldier in the United States Army in war time. From now on, through the grace of the Great Healer who came to bring life more abundantly, we, the medical profession and the laity *can*, and *will*, make life safer for you."



COUNTRY DANCE SCHOOL

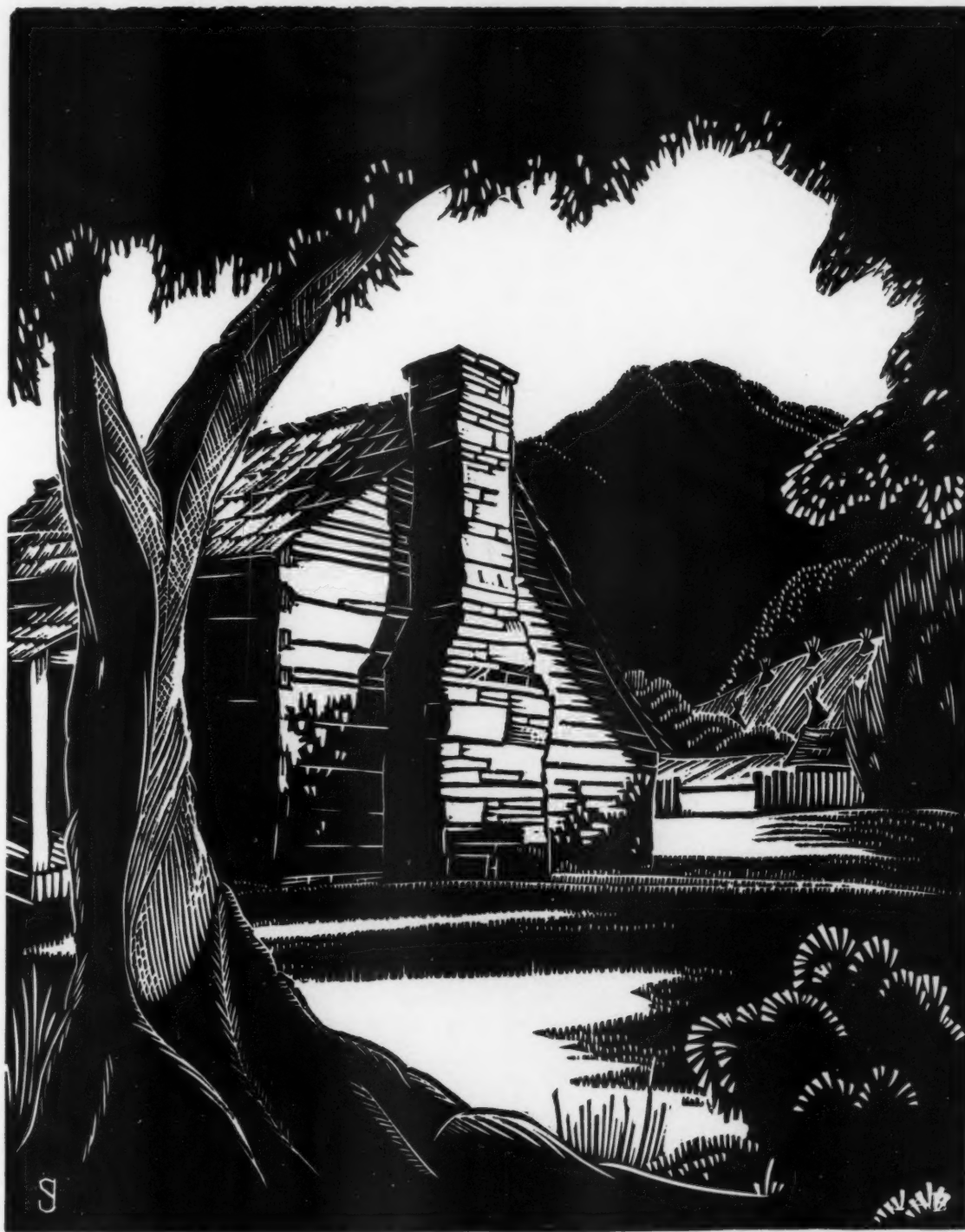
The Christmas Country Dance School is one of the numerous worth while enterprises which the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers has brought into existence in recent years. For this unique event Berea College has generously granted the fine facilities of her campus. During the past three years a strenuous and happy crowd of community leaders, many from the Southern Highlands, but others from the deep South, the East, and the Middlewest, has gathered to "trip the light fantastic" under the expert guidance of Miss May Gadd, National Director of The Country Dance Society.

The fourth Country Dance School will be held on the Berea campus for the week beginning Sunday afternoon, December 28, 1941, and ending Sunday morning, January 4, 1942. Again Miss May Gadd will be in charge of teaching. Frank H. Smith, through the courtesy of the College of

Agriculture of the University of Kentucky, will be released temporarily from his field work program in Eastern Kentucky in order to have charge of the organization of the School and will assist Miss Gadd with the teaching. Miss Marie Marvel, who is the itinerant recreation leader for the Conference, will direct the song periods.

Mountain Folk Festival. The seventh Mountain Folk Festival will take place at Berea College. This selection of Berea as the meeting place was the unanimous wish of Festival leaders. The dates will be April 9-11, 1942.

The usual circular letters relating to both the above events will shortly be mailed from the Conference office. Any readers of *Mountain Life and Work* who do not receive these communications and desire further information should write to Frank H. Smith, Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, Berea, Kentucky. FHS



Homestead

John A. Spelman III

A Tribute to William A. Worthington

In the death of William A. Worthington the mountain region has lost one of its most efficient workers. We often speak of a person as being indispensable to his work. If this was ever true of anyone it was true of Mr. Worthington. His boyhood and young manhood were spent in Florida when Florida was largely in its pioneer days. He was proud to call himself a Florida "Cracker" and he learned the ways and speech of a people who were surrounded by the same conditions socially and economically that surrounded the people of Jackson County when he went there thirty years ago. He understood the psychology of his Jackson County people better than any man whom I have met and he met and dealt with them as with equals in everything but the qualities which come from education and social contacts, which were just the things which he was there to share with them.

I think he showed his finest qualities in his handling of the students. He laid down few rules but with him there was but one significant question: Does this boy or girl have the right attitude toward Annville and its work? He paid little attention to single incidents like fighting, lying, using bad language or even stealing. These things might be the result of a home environment which could be corrected if only the lad had the right attitude. He never fired a boy from the school. If the boy proved undesirable after a fair trial he would call him to his office and tell him that for various reasons he did not seem to fit into the life of Annville. The boy was asked to go home on a vacation and after six months or so if he felt that he could develop a correct attitude he could come back and try again. He was careful not to make specific charges and the boy was helped to keep his self respect even when there seemed to be little of it to keep.

From the first Mr. Worthington was jack of all trades, and he had to be. He set up the first internal combustion engine to start their little electric plant; built the dam and water works; fed the students and stock a good balanced ration long before vitamins were discovered. His table was covered with trade journals and books which he needed and used to keep the plant running. If anything broke down he had to fix it. He made a radio and had it working long before they were common in the country. As his plant grew he of course had to get men with special training to carry on, but in the beginning it all rested on his shoulders. As the plant neared completion he often said that he would like nothing better than to begin all over again in a new pioneer field.

Now how would a man like this qualify as a preacher? Could he meet the spiritual needs of the boys and girls who came to Annville? I couldn't help being concerned about his ability to meet these requirements. But when I heard him preach I was astonished at his ability to keep the essentials of the Christian message and still give his youngsters and the faculty in the same audience counsel in Christian living which they all understood but which if given to a city audience would have been equally well received and understood.

Mr. Worthington was a real philosopher. He had thought out most of the great questions that trouble the human mind and had worked out a solution for himself which satisfied him and which, unlike most philosophers, he could put into words that left no question as to his clear thinking and his fine Christian approach to the important problems of life. It was a treat to sit with him by the open fire and have him explain his conclusions on theological, social, and political questions. He was one of my best friends and I shall miss him very keenly.

—R. H. Cowley

WHAT THEY ARE DOING

MONTGOMERY COUNTY RECREATION CONFERENCE

During the last two weeks in August, Mr. Frank Smith and Miss Marie Marvel of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers conducted a course in recreational activities at the Austin Peay Normal School in Clarksville, Tennessee. The course, somewhat in the form of a conference, was directed by Miss Anna L. McCorkle, elementary supervisor and member of the faculty of the Normal School. It was arranged by Mr. N. L. Carney, superintendent of schools in Montgomery County, Tennessee, primarily to meet the needs of rural communities. About sixty rural school teachers, most of whom were from Montgomery County, attended. The program included folk games and dances, rhythmical activities, story telling, folk songs, choral reading and dramatics.

In the reportorial terms of the press, the above facts are strictly accurate, but an account in black and white cannot capture the spirit of this meeting. There was a light-heartedness, a spontaneity, and an absence of "shop-talk" which are rare indeed at gatherings of teachers. The personality of the leaders, the lilting music of the game period and the conversational, rather than rhetorical air of the lecture classes, all tended to make this possible.

Only a stalwart soul, however, could have predicted such happy results, for in preparing for the course, Miss Marvel and Mr. Smith faced at least three handicaps. For one thing, two weeks is certainly no extensive time in which to instill the theory and spirit of recreation in so large a group. For another, the members of this group, living some distance from the region in which Mr. Smith and Miss Marvel work, were quite unacquainted with their type of program.

The third handicap was a psychological condition which seems prevalent during these troubled days. It was built of worry over world affairs, local problems and personal responsibilities, and appeared in the form of a heavy atmosphere as the course began. That it lifted and faded utterly away before the first day was over was directly

due to the skilled leadership of the two instructors.

The definite practicality of the program was a feature that appealed to all who attended. It was superior to many courses in that it presented not merely background knowledge alone, nor classroom material alone, but a combination of the two. In this way the teachers became better fitted to work with community recreational problems as a whole, rather than with those of the school only.

When it was discovered that individual needs and interests were varying, the members divided into smaller groups. Some, who especially enjoyed Mr. Smith's collection of wooden games and puzzles, organized a small shop and made similar indoor amusement devices for their own use. Others preferred further study of the folk games and dances.

Another division was made to accommodate the different needs of primary and upper-grade teachers in regard to playground activities. When this happened, it was amusing to see how eager many were to participate in everything. Frequently the primary teachers requested something that the upper-grade group had played because "We heard that the others had so much fun learning it."

The much-quoted motto, "Learn to do by doing," was brought to vivid reality during the meeting. All who enrolled took an active part. Together they experimented with choral reading, blended voice in rousing old English rounds, and blundered through the intricacies of the "Cumberland Reel." Needless to say, all learned, also, the sad fact that tender muscles and stiff joints are apt to follow one's first experience with active folk games!

Mr. Smith and Miss Marvel were quite generous in sharing their collections of material on music, games, and dances. In two "browsing periods" everyone had full opportunity to become familiar with sources of publications of many types. By thus anticipating future needs, the instructors wisely provided their pupils with "something to grow on" after the course was over.

Although a few spectators had drifted into the classes, no one realized how much interest had been created in the city and county until the climax

of the conference. This was in the form of a night session of folk activities, open to anyone who cared to be present. It was planned entirely as a just-for-fun party, and not as a demonstration nor a performance. Even with this pre-arranged air of informality, there were many who doubted if there would be enough guests to warrant the meeting, as the usually prosaic affairs of teachers do not often arouse the enthusiasm of the public.

To the surprise of everyone, the number of visitors doubled the highest expectations. Every square foot of floor-space was utilized, as the guests, invited to take part, willingly and eagerly did so. It was not only a memorable social occasion, but a most auspicious beginning for the new county-wide recreational program.

—RUTH H. ALLEN

THE BIG MEADOWS CRAFT SHOP

On May 5, 1941, the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild opened a Craft Shop in Big Meadows Lodge, located on the Skyline Drive in the Shenandoah National Park, about fifteen miles east of Luray, Virginia.

Why was that announcement of any import? The answer is that it was an experiment, entered into by the Guild with the National Park Service and the Concessionaire, the Virginia Sky-Line Company, to determine whether handicrafts can be profitably marketed in National Parks. This six months' experiment may open a larger door to the Guild in other National Parks in the areas such as the Great Smokies and Mammoth Cave, or it will prove that handicrafts have only limited appeal to the average person who travels in a Park. Or, it may indicate that high costs of production on handmade articles and the overhead of shop operations do not permit of breaking even on such outlets.

The Guild has had favorable experience operating Allamand in Asheville, and profits of that shop were used to finance the experiment at Big Meadows. Sales for the first four months were about \$5500 and there was an operating loss of approximately \$450. The prospect is that this loss will be reduced somewhat by the close of the season October thirty-first. The shop itself has made a favorable impression on visitors. The location

at Big Meadows was fortunate and the officials of the Virginia Sky-Line Company generously provided and equipped an unusually attractive shop in their best Lodge on the Drive. Miss Alice Andrews, the Manager, was a fortunate selection and her untiring efforts and interest have gone far to make the experiment a success. A knowledge of handicrafts and their sources is necessary in order to sell them, and both of these backgrounds Miss Andrews has.

Attractive wild flowers, changed daily, placed artistically in jars and vases, chestnut panelled walls, and merchandise thoughtfully arranged and displayed, have created in our shop an atmosphere quite in keeping with Guild standards and products. Our visitors and customers are appreciative and responsive to the appeal of fine handicrafts. It seems reasonably accurate to say, therefore, that the test is already a success from these angles and if sales volume and gross profit margins can be made equally satisfactory, we will have laid an important foundation for the future.

Such shops would not only be consistent with the policy of the Department of Interior in offering in all National Parks the best native handicrafts in the area, but they would agree with the experience of the Guild in marketing handicrafts in that the best outlets are in the areas where made—where atmosphere, wild beauties of nature and tourist interest all contribute to the appeal.

—GEORGE R. BENT

THE ASSOCIATE ARTS STUDIO-CAMP

Did you ever sit down one day with doubt and desire in your mind and a pencil in your inexperienced hand, and get led from one exciting thing to another until you finally stood with your next year's Christmas cards stacked incredibly before you? Or did you ever find yourself confronted with a table of moist shapeless earth and say "I couldn't possibly make anything out of a lump of clay," and then pick it up, begin to fumble, then to fashion, to laugh. Why! It sings! It is a vase, a figure! Can this stuff be only earth which comes to life from your ungodlike touch? Did you ever sit before a loom with a box of brilliant yarns all wound on shuttles at your hand, and while someone nearby played the Rachmaninoff Second

Piano Concerto, create a piece of cloth that richly glows itself into being and becomes a rightful part of your intimate life? If you haven't done something like this, don't let another summer go by unheeded, for it is the final word in vacation. (That is, for most people. Some seem to enjoy getting a Ph.D.)

Imagine a cool piney knoll where birds, flowers and little animal-critters live their peculiar personal lives in friendly communion with humans; imagine a 7 x 10 house walled in mostly by pure atmosphere and whispering leaves, where one lives alone in heavenly quiet; imagine the arching trees through which one catches glimpses of the majestic Craggies, sometimes dark, sometimes celestially alight, mountain lines rising and falling in eternal music.

At the top of the knoll stands the big studio house, spacious, homey and full of the works of artist-folk from all over the world. Here are exquisite bits from China, there a lovely piece of pottery from Czechoslovakia; here a beautifully etched metal tray, there a carving from Brasstown; books, weaving, glass ware, wood blocks, and a musical chair! Among the trees are the smaller wood-shops and the important well-loved dining-room. A path through the woods leads down to the vegetable garden and the old log sheep barn where we had a steak-fry one night. Every Thursday night is picnic night. And such good friends! Whenever I think of the peace, quietness, work and fun of those days at the Studio-Camp, I draw in a big breath of sheer contentment. Oh, "where?" At the Associate Arts Studio-Camp, Swannanoa, North Carolina, whose guiding geniuses are Miss Genevieve Lawler and Miss Ruth Lionberger, two artists who combine their skill in workmanship with love for human beings, thus leading tired souls again to the fountain of perpetual youth, which is the delight of creative adventure on unfamiliar paths, of satisfying work with natural, common, beautiful things.

—GLADYS V. JAMESON

SCF KEEPS MOUNTAIN CHILDREN IN SCHOOL

The primary function of Save the Children Federation is to keep in school those mountain children that may be unable to attend or have to drop out

because of lack of warm clothing, or who because of any other difficulty cannot get the full benefit of the public school. It may be clothing or shoes or books, or it may be malnutrition, or the school may lack the most necessary things to make the teacher's work count for most. In no section of our land do a greater number of bright-eyed worth while little ones suffer the handicaps of poverty.

Last year SCF distributed 130,000 pieces of clothing. This meant at least 100,000 garments. It was contributed by school children in scores of cities through the help of their teachers who put on "bundle days." Their more fortunate pupils brought their out-grown garments, and their superintendents say "it helps them as much as it does the children who receive the assistance." Much of it goes to children of the same size; mothers make it over, SCF workers organize mothers' clubs and sewing circles, the NYA has done fine service with it in their sewing rooms; for instance, at Cumberland Homesteads the SCF sponsors the NYA sewing project; last year they mended and made over 3,200 garments; this year thirty girls who need the wages will have nearly five tons of clothing, contributed by the schools of Niagara Falls, to work on. The garments will be distributed over five mountain counties. The county boards of education pay for all transportation.

In the past nine years SCF has distributed 700,000 books to mountain schools, thus helping hundreds of them to have libraries. In Tennessee, where the state furnished free text books to only the first three grades and where until the past two years it furnished none, several thousand children were given supplementary texts, the use of which was accepted by the schools. More than 55,000 school desks have gone to seventy mountain counties in the past three years. They are contributed by wealthier city schools when fine new school buildings are erected—usually with PWA help. They are uniformly good, being the desks recently in use, and are always a great improvement over the seats they replace. A county superintendent who has received 2,000 says, "there was not a bad one among them." The county board of education pays the transportation. In one school where they were delivered on Friday afternoon, the children begged to have school on Saturday so

they could sit in them. In one of the last requests received the teacher says his pupils sit on boards and kegs, or three to a seat, and some sit on the floor. This young man transformed a school on a mountain side in four years with SCF help, and now has taken one of the poorest schools in his county with a genuine missionary spirit; he will get both desks and many other things required to help him "do the job," as he puts it.

Those who wish to know about the welfare of their fellowmen are learning that nutrition is a first line of defense in both personal and social welfare. The hot school lunch is becoming a school imperative. SCF pioneered on it in mountain schools and is sponsoring many WPA and NYA school gardens and lunches this year. Seeds furnished last spring have brought to mountain schools thousands of cans of fruit and vegetables for the coming winter. Help was given to canning programs and is being given in furnishing utensils for the serving of lunches. An experiment with twenty schools, where every child was enabled to stay in school all winter and to have a hot lunch every day, showed remarkable gain in weight, health and in learning capacity; and every teacher testified to great improvement in order and discipline. (Described in *Mountain Life and Work*, October, 1939.)

But furnishing material help is not all. The program has been a spark plug to increase community cooperation, to stimulate boards of education to broaden their programs, to interest teachers in visiting homes, and to hearten both teachers and superintendents in their work. Here is an illustration: a school in one of the poorest communities, up on a mountain and many miles from any town, three years ago had an attendance of thirty-two children; it started every school year with two teachers but with the coming of cold weather so many children dropped out that one teacher was dropped. SCF made it one of their Demonstration Schools—that is, made it possible for every child to stay in school, furnished books for a library and provided supplementary texts (there had been an average of one text for each four pupils), helped on hot lunches, and received the cooperation of the teachers in visiting homes. Today this school has three teachers, more than 100 children in attendance, is well seated; it has three acres of school garden; has a school kitchen, has

excavated a basement for a lunch room, has a new sanitary deep-well; the school yard is cleared of all brush and is green with new grass. It has "demonstrated" that, given the means to do so, the remote mountain school will cooperate and bring its standards up close to the level of the best of schools. Both the county superintendent and the teachers give the credit to SCF. It was done with their cooperation, of course.

Mountain children are born with the best of blood and with fine traditions of independence and patriotism; their handicaps are not within themselves but in the economic deficits of their mountains. The work of SCF is based upon the conviction that one of the greatest contributions to their welfare that can be made is to give them the fullest possible benefit of our public school system.

—ALVA W. TAYLOR

COOPERATIVE EDUCATION IN THE SOUTHEAST

An article in the last issue of *Mountain Life and Work* entitled "The Cooperative Movement Moves South" called attention to a number of focal points in the Southeast where the Cooperative Movement is beginning to take form. Education was described as that factor which can make the difference between scattered cooperatives organized mainly to save money on the one hand, and, on the other hand, a federation of cooperatives, recognizing their mutual interests, emphasizing the social values represented in the Rochdale principles and thus comprising a true Cooperative Movement. Mention was made of the splendid work being done by study groups and farmers' institutes in the southern Appalachians with the help of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers. The Southeastern Cooperative Education Association, known as SCEA, was also mentioned as having a very similar approach to the economic and social problems of the eleven southeastern states. This article will deal briefly with some of the specific activities of the SCEA during the last few months.

The size of the staff and the office space of the SCEA are in ludicrous contrast to the tremendous field in which we have begun to work. Throughout last winter Elizabeth Lynch, assistant secre-

tary, and Ed Yeomans, secretary-treasurer, shared a nine-by-fifteen foot office at West Georgia College. When we were joined in July by Charles Smith, field representative, a slightly larger office was provided, also at the college. Now that more clerical help is becoming necessary, the office has again been moved, this time to a down-town office building in Carrollton. These signs of growth are roughly parallel to the increasing demands being made upon the SCEA for information on the Cooperative Movement.

At the present time there are 184 individuals holding membership in the SCEA. In addition there are 8 group memberships with 10 to 250 each. The individuals represent people in almost every walk of life. There are 59 teachers, 24 ministers and other church workers, 24 staff members of various government agencies and 13 social workers and community organizers. The 8 group members are: The Peoples Cooperative Association (grocery store), Tuskegee Institute, Alabama; The Tuskegee Federal Credit Union; Religious Film Cooperative, Emory University, Georgia; Consumers Cooperative Union, Inc., New Orleans, Louisiana; ASHCO Buying Club, Asheville, North Carolina; Swannanoa Valley Farmers Cooperative and Credit Union, Swannanoa, North Carolina; Big Lick Farmers Association, Big Lick, Tennessee; and the Richmond Cooperative Buying Club, Richmond, Virginia.

In addition to the already organized co-ops with which the SCEA has worked, we are in touch with many other groups which are studying the Cooperative Movement, using literature and films from the SCEA office and calling on the services of our field representative. In time these groups will begin to organize as cooperatives and give their support to the SCEA which links them to the Cooperative League USA. We are already working towards a federation of southeastern cooperatives, not only for educational purposes, but for wholesale services, accounting and insurance as well.

Eight issues of the *Southeastern Cooperator* and two of the "SCEA News Letter" have been published and distributed to from 150 to 800 persons. The three-fold film, "The Lord Helps Those Who Help Each Other," described the growth of the Cooperative Movement in Nova Scotia, has been shown to an estimated total audience of 5700 persons. The

color film, "Consumers Serve Themselves," has been less widely circulated but has been useful to groups planning consumers' stores. The SCEA plans to add to its film library a new film on American cooperatives, now in production.

The Cooperative Movement has been presented by the SCEA staff at 25 meetings and conferences, many of which were state- and south-wide in scope. In addition, four conferences on cooperatives have been sponsored by the SCEA: in Atlanta, Baton Rouge, Tuskegee, Alabama, and Hampton, Virginia. The total attendance of these four conferences was roughly 500 people. On the programs of these conferences were such leaders in the Cooperative Movement as Wallace Campbell and John Carson of the Cooperative League USA, Lewis Warbington of the Ohio Farm Bureau, H. M. Rhodes of the Credit Union National Association, as well as a number of organizers of successful co-ops in this region.

The SCEA believes that group recreation should be a definite part of education for cooperatives; therefore, Elizabeth Lynch was sent to the short course at the Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, North Carolina, and to the National Cooperative Recreation School at Ames, Iowa. During the summer she has introduced folk dances and singing games to a number of 4-H clubs, Home Demonstration clubs, and other rural groups in Carroll County, Georgia, at the request of the Home Demonstration Agent.

The first assignment given to Charles Smith after he joined the SCEA was the tour of American cooperatives, sponsored jointly by the Cooperative League USA, The Federal Council of Churches, the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, and the Social Justice Committee of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. There were fourteen persons from SCEA territory among the forty who took the tour. Among them was Mr. C. C. Haun of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers.

Reports on the recreation courses and the tour have appeared in a recent "SCEA News Letter."

A member of the auditing committee of the SCEA, Allen Lovejoy, who was formerly connected with the Farmers Federation, Asheville, North Carolina, took the summer course in cooperative organization and store management given by Rochdale Institute in New York. This led to

his present job in the education department of the Greenbelt Consumer Services, Greenbelt, Maryland.

Morris Mitchell, a director of the SCEA, has recently returned from Nova Scotia where he visited several of the rural cooperatives and had long discussions with the members of the extension staff of St. Francis Xavier University. A report of his trip will appear in the *Southeastern Co-operator*.

Lee M. Brooks, president of SCEA and professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina, is teaching the first full-credit course on the Cooperative Movement to be given in the South. A number of rural communities in Carroll County, Georgia, are beginning to organize study-groups for co-ops of various kinds with the help of the extension staff of West Georgia College. A bicycle co-op set up by students and faculty at the college last spring has operated steadily. A cooperative cannery was organized in a small rural community at a total cost of \$500 and in spite of severe drought it has put up over 8,000 cans of fruits and vegetables during the summer. Other projects being studied are rural credit unions, a county-wide teachers' credit union, and co-op stores in elementary and high schools.

The SCEA is prepared to give help to any group in the Southeast interested in studying the Cooperative Movement and in organizing cooperatives of various kinds. An increasing amount of this kind of help is being given now that the field representative has joined the staff.

—EDWARD YEOMANS, JR.

THE SOCIAL TASK AND THE SOUTHERN CHURCHES

On the shores of Norris Lake, the blue waters of which bathe a shore line of more than eight hundred miles of hillsides being reclaimed from erosion, the Fellowship of Southern Churchmen held its seventh annual conference, August 25 to 31. This huge laboratory, where the Tennessee Valley Authority and cooperating state and federal agencies are conducting numerous experiments in the social control of natural resources for the use of the people, was a proper setting for the conference of these men and women who affirm, among other things, "that all natural resources and all scientific

processes by which such resources are made available, for use are God's gifts and . . . belong to society, as they have been made available by the beneficence of nature and the labor of countless generations of men."

The conference brought together some fifty-five of its members and friends to face the task which confronts Christian leaders in the South at this momentous juncture of history. While the opening statement of the Chairman, Rev. T. B. Cowan, minister of the Norris Religious Fellowship, recognized the necessity for viewing all southern conditions against the world scene of conflict and distress, the concerns of these men and women were specifically with the problems of their own area. No resolutions were passed, no statements were formulated. It was rather a time of heart-seaching and of program building. The evils of our corporate life were faced without utopian illusion and without discouragement or alarm. The group was sobered by the awareness that redemption of the South and its people is not possible by easy measures or at an early date; that can be hoped for only as the result of long-term planning and action on several interrelated fronts.

The conference recognized that the South is, like the Athens of Paul, "very religious," and like that Athens fosters religions which are not always redemptive. Without admitting a dualism of the religious over against the secular, but affirming that Christ asserts his Lordship over economic, political, educational and all other areas of life, it was agreed that the central problem of the South is the religious problem and that the task of the Fellowship of Southern Churchmen is to face realistically that problem.

In an effort to analyze the religious situation of the South it was pointed out that three types of religion are characteristic of the South which are not calculated to redeem the whole life of our people. First, much of the conventional Christianity of this area assumes that the economic, political, and other societal structures are essentially what they should be. Most, if not all, the adherents of this type of religion are generally blind to the oppression, injustice, racial antagonism, and abject poverty and squalor of nearly half of the South's people, or, seeing these, hold them to be just compensations for personal sins—the penalty for

trifling and mean living. Accordingly the church often regards itself as the guardian of things as they are, resisting criticism of the social situation as an attack upon Christianity and civilization. Contemporary society tends thus to be sanctified as the practical equivalent of Christianity, and the alterations required for redemption of the land and its people are resisted as dangerous. This attitude naturally belongs to those whose positions in the status quo are those of privilege. Among the less favored in the geographically remote and culturally deprived regions of the South flourishes a quite different type of religion, which is completely pessimistic regarding the redemption of this world, holding all world orders to be permanently evil. Accordingly this type of religion flees the trials of the present by an indulgence of apocalyptic hopes and a revival of primitive orgiastic fervor. The third type is not indigenous to the South and is less religious than secular in its motivation. Perhaps to describe it as a type of Southern religion is not quite correct. It roots in the observation that the primary motives of the masses in the "Bible belt" are religious and that the most effective language among these is biblical. It tries therefore to translate a secular political ideology into the language of Jesus and the prophets—and with considerable success, since they were concerned with quite similar problems of economic oppression sanctified by a time-serving religion. But this contemporary movement discounts the reality of the transcendent and tends to reduce social forces and ideals to the dimension of the natural and the human and thus lacks the prophetic sense of God as Lord of history. Thus the South is characterized by religions without an acute sense of the social sources of its evils and by social movements unaware of the religious source of all historical process.

How to attack this situation and its consequences was the chief concern of the Fellowship during this conference. The answers arrived at may be summed up in two related statements. Ways and means must be devised for securing a ministry more adequately prepared to serve the people as leaders in the task of redeeming all life. And both leaders and people must be brought to sense the religious character of the resources upon which all depend; that the earth is the Lord's and all that dwell therein. Much of the week was thus

given to devising programs of action touching these two points.

The Fellowship accepted as an essential part of its task the training of a religious leadership qualified to bring to the South a combination of Christian commitment and of technical equipment for work in politics, labor organizations, agriculture, education, economics, and social relations. Plans were laid for proceeding immediately with programs of education and action intended to reach three types of religious leaders: (1) Lay preachers—Negro and white—who combine daily labor with preaching and who are leaders of the disadvantaged of both races. (2) The professionally trained ministers and the more sophisticated laymen who are already more or less aware of the prophetic demands of their Christian confession but who need assistance in expressing effectively this faith. (3) Seminary and other professional students who expect to enter southern fields, whether in the church or the professions.

The Executive Committee was commissioned to implement these plans by proceeding, first, to organize a "traveling seminar" of four or five competent men and women to visit several centers in the South during the summer of 1942, to spend considerable periods of time with participants assembled from adjacent areas for these institutes. Secondly, it was asked to repeat and extend the series of visitations to theological seminaries during the current year, with the purpose of making effective contacts with students who will be working in the South in the immediate future. In the third place, tentative plans were laid for conducting an experiment in direct evangelism by use of tents and brush arbors to reach the people directly. And finally, as a project of more substantial character, plans were discussed for the establishment of one or more clinics for ministerial internships, where would be provided facilities for theological and other professional students to live together under competent leadership and to engage in the practical task of interpreting to the surrounding communities their prophetic faith. This would entail work in community organization, in adult education and building of cooperatives, in labor organizations, in inter-racial and other experiments, as indigenous functions of the church and as controlled by the Christian gospel.

Along side this program of training a religious

leadership competent to deal with the problems which have made the South "the Nation's economic problem No. 1," it was felt that the Fellowship must address itself to the task of interpreting in religious terms the sin of the wastage of natural resources, especially the soil. The connection between soils and souls is real and should become the approach of those who would save both. At the annual conference of 1940 the Fellowship authorized its Executive Committee to sponsor an organization to be known as "Friends of the Soil," membership in which is to be much wider than the fellowship itself. The organization has gone forward, as was reported in a previous issue of this journal.* The function of the Friends of the Soil, it was agreed during this conference, should be not so much concerned with the operation of technical problems of rehabilitation and conservation of our natural resources as with the proclamation of the religious character of the use and abuse of these essential resources upon which life is dependent, that "our relation to the earth is a moral one" so that "those who despoil the earth stand under the judgment of God no less than do those who oppress its people."

The discussions of the week were organized around a series of papers presented by members of the Fellowship. Howard Kester analyzed the historical sources of the present distress, and held them to be, among other things, the super-imposition upon an already decadent and wasteful agricultural economy of a colonial imperialism which assumes that all the resources of the area—human and material—are to be exploited for the present benefit of the few rather than used for the permanent life of the many. Sam Franklin, director of the Delta Cooperative Farms, urged the exploration and further use of the cooperative movement both as an economic device in our present order and as the seedbed of a more efficient and a more Christian order. Walter G. Muelder, in absentia, analyzed the chaos and the strength of the present labor situation and concluded that the only dependable foundation for a stable industrial relationship is to be found in the recognition, in theory and practice, of the dignity of every person as such. Frank C. Foster, president of Asheville College, and Malcolm Boyd Dana, president of Piedmont College, provoked constructive criticism

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of education in the direction of a more community centered and socially vital education. Charles Hamilton, state legislator of Mississippi, urged that the reluctance of "decent" people to deal with politics because politics is dirty must be overcome if we are to solve constructively the political issues. Alva W. Taylor, secretary of the Save the Children Fund, asked for further socialization of health services in an area woefully deficient in them. Walter W. Sikes spoke of the moral structure intrinsic to all history.

The work of the Fellowship continues under the guidance of Howard Kester whose services are made possible by the Committee for Racial and Economic Justice.

—WALTER W. SIKES

WHITHER YOUTH

(Continued from Page 10)

lenged to readjust our thinking and our program. A mountain boy is in the hollow today and in Detroit tomorrow, with a chance that because he is unable to adjust himself in Detroit he will be in the hollow again. He may be less picturesque in Detroit, but he is still a human personality. For the time being the defense industries will use much of the surplus population, but unless there is an unusual change of heart on the part of Congress and a planned economy which will absorb those now in defense industries, we may expect a continuation and a possible increase of our pre-defense unemployment problem. The welfare of the country in peace as well as war is affected by the adjustment the mountain boy and girl make to whatever environment they may be in.

Vocational adjustment and migration are two major problems to which mountain schools might profitably turn themselves. Perhaps the withdrawal of private mountain schools from the field of elementary education may have been premature, especially in those areas of service to youth which as yet are not provided for by the public schools. Certainly there are unmet needs in the fields of recreation, better health programs, and religion adjusted to the needs of youth. In these essentials, and especially, in facing the problem of pointing some ways to economic adjustment, the private high school still has a unique and vital responsibility.

WHAT TO READ

Conducted by Glyn A. Morris

BOOKS

The answers to practically all your questions regarding progress in fields of social work and concerning social agencies, public and private, state and national, can be found in *Social Work Year Book, 1941*, Russell Sage Foundation, \$3.25. Miss Dingman says that is one of the most used and valuable books on her shelf and she strongly recommends it to the heads of all centers as a reference book for their own offices, or better yet in the school library.

For those who wish to keep abreast with the progress in social work *Proceedings of the National Conference of Social Work, 1940*, Columbia University Press, \$3, is a valuable addition to one's library. The contents are arranged in three divisions—Part One: "Social Objectives in a Time of World Crisis;" Part Two: "Areas of Social Work Concern;" and Part Three: "Social Work Practice." Under each heading are articles of lively interest on subjects with which mountain workers deal—Children, Youth, Migrants, Health and Medical Care, Rural Communities, Community Relationships, etc. It is well for workers in a particular region to fit their efforts along these lines into the framework of the national programs.

A Testament of Devotion, Thomas R. Kelly, with Foreword by Douglas Steere, Harper and Brothers, 1941. \$1. The too-early death of Thomas R. Kelly took from the Quakers, from Haverford College, and from the world a personality of great beauty and distinction. At once his friends began gathering from his writing the contents of this small volume. The doctrine and practice of the steady illumination of one's inner and outer life by closeness to the Source of Light are its theme. Not peculiar to Quakerism, not even to Christianity, are this doctrine and this practice. But it has been a gift of the Quakers to religion to put fresh emphasis and thus to stir dry bones. Douglas Steere's foreword indicates that the practice has seldom been more impressively exemplified than in Thomas

Kelly; and the doctrine has seldom been more impressively and suggestively presented than in this book.

Claiming it is unusually stimulating, Eugene Smathers recommends *Democracy's Second Chance: Land, Work, and Cooperation*, by George Boyle, published by Sheed, Sheed and Ward (63 Fifth Avenue, New York), 1941. \$2. The first section gives a philosophy of rural life; the second discusses techniques by which the philosophy may be implemented.

The Art of Leadership, by Ordway Tead, McGraw, 1935, \$2.50, gives good counsel to all who are stewards of authority. An excellent handbook, simple and thoughtful, which might save immature as well as mature administrators and their co-workers some anguish of heart, as well as increase the efficiency of the staff.

PAMPHLETS AND PERIODICALS

Rev. Bernard Taylor of Alpine, Tennessee, suggests "Utopia in America," *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1941. Here is an account of practical religion with its roots in the Scriptures and the soil. While we can assume the fertility of the region under discussion, which gives the Amish farmer of Pennsylvania an advantage over the mountain farmer, the point of view here revealed is applicable anywhere.

"More Houses of Earth," in *Coronet* for March, 1941, may offer a clue to better and much cheaper buildings and might be a way to overcome financial obstacles to building. Anyone interested in building problems—even remotely—should read this, and anyone with experience ought to report to *Mountain Life and Work*. It seems that houses which stay cooler in summer, warmer in winter, drier at all times, are fire-proof and durable, can be built quickly by untrained people for a fraction of the cost of the same building in other material.

It may not be widely known that simultaneously with the feverish war plans the Washington ad-

ministration is working on adjustments to be made *after the war*. There is no community where the defense activities are not felt; likewise, all communities and families in the nation will be affected by the return to peace-time programs. "Full employment," "Security," "Up-building America"—these are big conceptions. And they are the goals adopted by the National Resources Planning Board, with Frederic A. Delano as Chairman, Charles W. Eliot, Director, and Luther Gulick, special Consultant. Their pamphlet, "After Defense—What?", reviews the task of turning 23 million men from defense activities to peace-time employment and outlines the factors that must be kept in mind and the methods that must be used if chaos is to be avoided this time. Cooperation of all workers, farmers, business men, and the government is invited, in analyzing human and natural resources, in planning, rather than leaving to chance, the post-war adjustment, and in practical achievement of a better America. Such an important pamphlet should be in the hands of every citizen. This is recommended by Dr. John Barrow and may be obtained from the National Resources Planning Board.

Recent issues of *Social Action* (10 cents per copy or \$1 per year) are "The Farmer's Search for Economic Democracy" by Thomas Alfred Tripp, whom we hoped to have at our last spring's conference; and "Citizens of Tomorrow" by H. Ida Curry, a brief and readable summary of the 1940 White House Conference and later developments.

Recent Public Affairs Pamphlets (10 cents each or \$1 per year, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City) include No. 57, "Man Meets Job—How Uncle Sam Helps"; No. 58, "Labor in the Defense Crisis"; and No. 59, "Guns, Planes, and Your Pocketbook."

Titles in National Home Library Foundation publications (25 cents each, Washington, D. C.) include "Which Way America," by Lyman Bryson, 113 p; "Let Me Think," by H. A. Overstreet, 106 p; "They Worked for a Better World," by Allan Seager, 123 p; "The Price of Freedom," by Henry A. Wallace, 116 p; and "Next Steps Forward," by Twentieth Century Fund, 143 p.

Good material for teachers wishing to help youth appreciate world interdependence are the five discussion outlines entitled "We Travel Though We Stay at Home," put out by Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 405 West 117 Street, New York City, 25 cents a set.

The September, 1941, "List of Available Publications" of Farm Security Administration (Washington, D. C.) contains ninety items, most of them available for the asking.

Some later National Education Association "Personal Growth Leaflets," which sell at a penny each in lots of twenty-five or more, are: 177, "Motive Centered Education," by H. S. Tuttle; 181, "The First Five Years of Life," by Arnold Gesell; 179, "Critical Problems Facing Our Nation," by Clarence F. Dykstra; 178, "The Parents Part in Education," by George G. Bruntz; and 150, "The Place of Religion in Education," by Daniel L. Marsh.

A copy of "How Your Child Grows Up," by Edgar A. Doll, 32 pages, may be had for the asking from the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, Boston, Mass.



The Home Missions Council of North America, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York City, has beautiful Migrant Christmas Cards to sell for the benefit of its work among the migrants.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Mountain Life and Work is proud to print "The Stir-Off," an old time mountain story by JAMES STILL. This story will appear in his new book, *On Troublesome Creek*, to be published October 13th by the Viking Press.

The illustrations, photographs of sirup-making by DAVID DONOHO, Art Director, Breathitt High School, Jackson, Kentucky, do not depict the characters in the story, "The Stir-Off."

GLYN A. MORRIS, well known to our readers, is now chairman of the Executive Board of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers.

It was the good fortune of C. C. HAUN, director of the Adult Education Cooperative Project of the Conference to go on the first American Cooperative Tour.

Born in the Tennessee mountains, the daughter of a country doctor, ANESTA A. GLOVIER received nurse's training at a mountain hospital. She married and lived for twenty years on a farm in Tennessee. At the present she is resident nurse and house mother at Valle Crucis School for Girls, Valle Crucis, North Carolina.

Friends of JOHN A. SPELMAN III will be glad to know that he will continue to contribute to *Mountain Life and Work* even though he is no longer connected with Pine Mountain Settlement School.

R. H. COWLEY has just retired as head of the medical staff at Berea College after thirty years of service.

We are grateful to the reporters who have made "What They Are Doing" an interesting addition to our fall issue.